

INTERESTING
ANECDOTES,
MEMOIRS,
ALLEGORIES,
ESSAYS,
AND
POETICAL FRAGMENTS,

TENDING
TO AMUSE THE FANCY,
AND
INCULCATE MORALITY.

BY MR. ADDISON.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

1797.

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INTERESTING
AND
MEMOIRS
ALLEGORIES



TOGETHER WITH

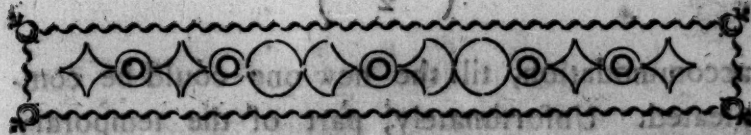
ENDING
TO AMUSE THE FANCY

AND
INSTRUCTIVE MORALITY

BY MR. ADDISON.

LONDON:
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1707.



bridge gave way, and our Philosopher found him-
self stuck in the mud. On hearing him call aloud
for assistance, an old woman happened to the spot

from whence he called, and she, without giving him any help,
said, "What a fine fellow! You are not ill, are you?"
Alas! the Philosopher, who had not expected this, returned
no answer.

COLLECTION

INTERESTING

Anecdotes, Effays, &c.



ANECDOTE

OF A LATE CELEBRATED

PHILOSOPHER and HISTORIAN.

THE late David Hume, Esq. (the learned and
ingenious subject of the present Anecdote,)
lived in the New-Town of Edinburgh; between
which and the Old-Town, there is a communi-
cation, by means of an elegant bridge over a
swamp. Desirous one day to cut his way shorter,
Mr. Hume took it into his head to pass over a
temporary one, which had been erected for general
accommodation,

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accommodation, till the new one could be completed. Unfortunately, part of the temporary bridge gave way, and our Philosopher found himself stuck in the mud. On hearing him call aloud for assistance, an old woman hastened to the spot from whence the sound seemed to issue; but perceiving who he was, refused giving him any help. "What, (cried she,) are you not Hume the Atheist? Oh! no! no! (returned the Philosopher) I am no Atheist: indeed, you mistake good woman; you do indeed!" "Let me hear then, (returned the other,) if you can say your belief."—Mr. Hume accordingly began the words, *I believe in God, &c.* and finished them with so much propriety, that the old woman, convinced of his Christian education, charitably afforded him that relief which otherwise she would have thought it a duty of religion to deny him.

T H E
HOSPITABLE HIBERNIAN.

“CHARITY, for the love of Heaven! to the widow of a soldier, who has three little innocents to support. Your honour is a soldier yourself, and will pity the necessities of those whom war has reduced to the lowest indigence!”

These

These words, though uttered by a young woman of extraordinary beauty, and who possessed an openness of countenance which spoke the veracity of her assertions, had yet no effect on the heart of a very shewy young officer; who, at the time of her application, was alighting from his horse. Too full of his own importance to attend to the situation of people *so immensely* beneath him, he entered the mansion of his friend, whose estate he expected shortly to marry; for the lady, by means of whom the conveyance was to be made, was by far the least object of his attention.

Fortunately for the pretty mendicant, the captain's servant had a *heart* rather more penetrable than his master's: in short, if his *head* had been half so soft, he would have been the greatest fool in the universe.

Patrick, during the short time requisite to assist his dismounting master, had been wonderfully struck with the group before him. One little boy, abashed at the superb appearance of the officer, had got behind his mother's apron; from whence he shyly peeped at his brother, who imitated the manual exercise with a stick, which was as much his hobby-horse in that position as any other could convert it to. The youngest, a girl, was in the arms of her mother, whose beauty she reflected

in miniature, though fatigue and care had considerably dulled the once sparkling eyes of the widow. "And pray good woman," says Patrick, "how long have you lost your husband? By me foul it was foolish of him to lave so many pretty *craters* behind—"

"Alas!" said Mary, for that was the widow's name, "if you had known my poor William, you would have pitied his fate; little did I think of losing him so soon! Had it pleased Heaven to have taken me, instead of him——"

"I should have pitied him a great deal more!" interrupted Patrick: "but rest yourself a moment in that barn," continued he, "and, when I have put up my horses, I'll come to you again." Nor did the honest fellow delay his intentions; for, having performed his office, he returned to Mary, whom he conducted to the cabin of his father; where, through the interest of Patrick, she met a cheerful reception. Though Patrick was amply rewarded by the pleasure he took in making them all as happy as he could, he yet expressed a further wish to be acquainted with the widow's story; not so much from curiosity, as from a hope of rendering her farther assistance.

"It is painful," said Mary, "to look back upon

upon misfortunes—mine began with my birth. My mother died soon after I was born, and my father when I was very young. An uncle took care of me, and the little property left by my father; which though very small, was sufficient to make my uncle wish it his. With this view, on my being seventeen years old, he listened to the proposals of a neighbouring farmer; who, spite of my dislike to *him*, was so partial to *me*, that he offered to wave all right to my father's legacy. He was not a young man, and he was very ugly; but, as my uncle was not to marry him, he thought that of no consequence. One little circumstance, however, disconcerted his scheme: I was already married to my dear William; who, from being a play-fellow with me, had contracted an affection, which on my side was as warmly returned. William assured me, that the only way to prevent my uncle's *refusing* his consent, would be, *never to ask it*, and, as I had my own reasons for being of the same opinion, we were privately married.

My uncle, upon intimation of this, turned me out of doors, and William called on him next morning to desire my father's legacy might be sent after me. My uncle talked a great deal more than William could understand, and then called in

a lawyer to explain his meaning, who puzzled poor William ten times more. In short, my uncle had *possession*; and, after my husband had spent all his cash, we were obliged to give up all our hopes; for our lawyer, who told us the more money we spent the better it would be, when he found we had no more, accepted a bribe from my uncle, and left us in the lurch. I wondered at it then, but have since learnt such things are very common. All the law which we had paid for was now of no use: we had two children, and were almost starving, when William unluckily took it in his head to go for a soldier; he said the war might enable him to make his fortune, and future happiness would recompence us for a present parting. I would have had him turn lawyer, since they get money so easily; but was told it required less honesty, and more cunning, than William's, to thrive in that profession. In short William went, notwithstanding all I could say to the contrary, after prevailing on a few friends to put me in a little shop, and bidding me be chearful and industrious till his return. For a while I heard frequently from him, and things went well enough; but a report being now prevalent that he was dead, and I receiving no more letters, those friends of William's who had assisted in settling me at his departure, began to talk of wanting their own, and told

me what a pity it was I had offended my uncle to marry a vagabond.

I had nothing to do but to hear them patiently, and cry when they were gone : but at length, my hopes being quite extinguished, for I had still thoughts my poor William might be alive, I fell sick ; and my creditors employing that very lawyer who had before done us so much harm, he seized on my shop, and as he said it would be cruel to send me to gaol, I was once more turned out of doors, & my little ones—the youngest born since William's departure—with their mother, left to the mercy of the wide world. I had heard Billy's regiment was in Ireland ; and a kind-hearted seafaring gentleman offering me a passage, I thought it better to seek news of him myself than to write ; and, if I failed, it would be no worse starving among strangers than with friends who had twice used me so cruelly. When we landed the master gave me a little money to assist me on the road. My former illness, however, returning on the way, I was obliged to stop till I was better in my health, but so poor in pocket, that yesterday I laid out my last halfpenny in bread for my children ; and, for their sakes, was I obliged to-day to ask that charity you now bestow on me. I am sure you will lose nothing by it ; for the parson who

who married William and I, and who to my sorrow died soon after, for he taught me a great deal, and was a very good friend, used to say, that whoever is made the instrument by which the Almighty pleases to do us good, will never want that kindness which he is permitted to render to others."

"And I don't know a greater kindness any body could do me," returned Patrick, "than to set me within reach of a friend or two, or an uncle, or a lawyer that you have been just mentioning, may I never see sweet Billy Shannan again, if I would not"—

A loud knock at the cabin door prevented Patrick from giving farther vent to the overflow of honest indignation which rose in his breast. It was night, and a heavy storm of hail rattled against the window; a voice from without demanded shelter.

Patrick half opened the door; and was requested by a genteel young man on horseback to permit himself and servant to alight there, as they had lost their way. "To be sure I will!" says Patrick; "step in, your honour, I'll help your man to put the poor beasts in a good stable, and perhaps procure you a better birth than this poor cabin affords."—"I desire no better," replied the gentleman,

man, "but if you can house my horses, do; for they have been rode hard to-day." Patrick answered with a bow, and set off with the servant and horses to the great house hard by, where he knew he might rely on his master's interest to fulfil his own promise: for though the captain would not relieve a poor woman and three children, the distrests of a man of fashion was quite another affair.

Patrick's father, in the mean time, did the honours of his little cabin; the gentleman eat brown bread; drank home-brewed beer; kissed all the children; and, guessing at their mother's situation, forced her acceptance of a guinea. The tears of gratitude were yet in her eye, when Patrick and the servant returned. On the entrance of the latter, who before had staid without. Mary fainted. —It was her William!—he flew to her—the gentleman was astonished, and Patrick whistled an Irish jig. An éclaircissement speedily took place, William had been taken prisoner, in company with his present master, whose life he had preserved; his master was exchanged, on condition of not bearing arms in the present war: he had therefore procured William's release and discharge, taken him into his service; and the vessel in which they were returning having been driven on the Irish coast they quitted her, took horses, and went to

some nearer conveyance for England, when William, inwardly vexed at the supposed protraction of his absence from Mary, was conducted by providence, unexpectedly, to her arms!

His master, on hearing the story, liberally rewarded the kindness of honest Patrick; and, having conveyed William and Mary to his own estate where he comfortably settled them in a farm, is it hard to say whether he *felt*, or *dispensed*, more pleasure, in at once performing an act of generosity, and discharging a debt of gratitude.

ANECDOTE.

A YOUNG gentleman and lady in a church in America, happened to be in the same pew; During the sermon the youth read something in the eyes of the fair one, which made a deeper impression on his mind than the pious lecture of the preacher. As love is seldom without an expedient, he presented her with the following verses, from the second epistle of John, "And now I beseech thee, lady, not as I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning, that we love one another."

After

After perusal, she in answer opened to the 1st chapter of Ruth, verse 16.

“And Ruth said, entreat me not to leave thee, nor to return from following after thee, for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge, thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.”

REFLECTIONS

ON

SCEPTICISM and INFIDELITY.

TO those who are persuaded of the truth of Christianity, the increase of scepticism and infidelity must ever be a lamentable consideration. When men possessed of talents which, properly directed, might do honour to themselves, and benefit to their country, use all their abilities to destroy the most sacred principles of religion, it may be truly said, that such learning, and gifts so employed, are a curse to the possessor, and a misfortune to mankind. It is, however, a consolation to the religious mind, that when the mist of ignorance is dispelled, truth must appear in its genuine

colour; and cannot fail to convince and engage the heart. Thus the theological writings of a Boyle, a Newton, and a Locke, will be the admiration of good men to the latest ages; while those of a Voltaire, a Hume, and a Gibbon, will sink into merited obloquy, if not oblivion. A contempt and ridicule of things relating to religion is, I am sorry to observe, too prevalent among the youth of this age; much of which arises from a mistaken notion, that religious and civil freedom are incompatible with each other, and that religion has been the cause of oppression in most parts of the world. Under the cloak of religion, that many impositions, and much oppression, have been exercised in all ages, no man can deny; but, to attribute to religion what has been occasioned by the abuse of it in evil men, is certainly unjust, and evinces too much unconcern about things which are of the greatest moment. So far from religion's being necessary to slavery, I will venture to affirm, that slavery cannot exist in a country where the genuine principles of religion are understood and practised by the inhabitants. At a time when most men profess themselves champions for liberty, let it not be imagined that setting aside religion, as a farce and endeavouring to destroy a belief of the soul's immortality, will give freedom and peace to mankind.

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There is no greater evil can befall us than this fruitful source of every calamity. What is man, deprived of the glorious hope of immortality!

What can we expect, from those who wish to annihilate this inestimable part of our faith; and even rejoice in a horrid endeavour to persuade themselves that there is no God! Let the youth of Britain beware how they imbibe such miserable philosophy as this; for the progress of scepticism and infidelity, when once they have gained admission to the heart, is insensibly rapid. Beware, lest under the disguise of enlarged thought, and freedom of mind, this poison should find entrance! Take from man the belief of God and eternity, he is worse than a beast. Immortality is one of the most ennobling considerations to the human mind. When we consider that we have spirits which may be happy in the enjoyment of a blissful eternity, it gives energy to every pious thought and resolution; and when, on the other hand, we reflect that the soul may be justly sentenced to suffer for iniquity, it will enable us, with the assistance of divine grace, to resist temptation. In whatever light we view immortality, it is conducive to our happiness, and the good of society. A man, who can once persuade himself, that there is neither a God, nor hereafter, will
stop

stop at nothing; but, on the smallest disappointment in life, put an end to his existence. It is the consideration of immortality, which enables the christian to bear, with a fortitude philosophy cannot give, the worst calamities of life; being fully assured, that a just God will deal righteously. What can we think of a man, who tells us that he has thrown off the shackles of religion, and means to follow the light of nature, destitute of Revelation! deluded mortal! if he obeys the light of nature, that will point him to nature's God. The Sun, as he runs his daily round; the Moon, as she succeeds the Sun, with every Star that adorns the firmament, are—

“For ever singing, as they shine—

“The hand that made us is divine.”

I hope the rising generation will treat with contempt such vain philosophy; ever holding fast the belief of a God, and of his divine Revelation, which is productive of happiness and of rational liberty to man; whereas the disbelief of these sacred truths is attended with the most fatal consequences in time and eternity,

A N E C D O T E
O F
FRANCIS PASQUAL.

FRANCIS PASQUAL, an Italian Friar knowing from experience, that the dull uniformity of the monastic life required some little amusements to render it supportable, the first thing he set about was, to find a mistress. He made love to a lady of easy virtue, who soon admitted his addresses, but, at the same time, informed him, that he had a very formidable rival, who was as jealous as a tiger, and would not fail to put them both to death, should he discover the intrigue. This was no other than a life-guard-man, a fellow of six feet two inches, with a vast *spada*, like that of Goliath, and a monstrous pair of curled whiskers, that would have cast a damp on the heart of any man, but Francis Pasqual. But the monastic life had not yet enervated him: he was accustomed to danger, and loved a few difficulties. However, as, in his present character, he could not be on a footing with his rival, he thought it best only to make use of prudence and stratagem to supplant him: these are the ecclesiastical arms, and they have generally been found too hard for the military. The lady

promised

promised him an interview as soon as the court should go to Portici, where the life-guard-man's duty obliged him to attend the king of Naples. Pasqual waited with impatience for some time. At last the wished-for night arrived: the King set off, after the opera, with all his guards. Pasqual flew like lightning to the arms of his mistress: the preliminaries were soon settled, and the happy lovers had just fallen asleep, when they were suddenly alarmed by a rap, and a well known voice at the door. The lady started up in an agony of despair, assuring Pasqual that they were both undone; that this was her lover, and if some expedient was not fallen upon, in the first transports of his fury he would certainly put them both to death. There was no time for reflection: the life-guard-man demanded entrance in the most peremptory manner, and the lady was obliged to instant compliance. Pasqual had just time to gather his rags together, and cram himself in below the bed. At that instant the door opened, and the giant came in, rattling his arms, and storming at his mistress, for having made him wait so long. However, she soon pacified him. He then ordered her to strike a light, that he might see to undress. This struck Pasqual to the soul and he gave himself up for lost: however, the lady's address saved him, when he least expected it: in
bringing

bringing the tinder, she took care to let fall some water into the box; and all the beating she and her lover could beat, they could not produce one spark. Every stroke of the flint sounded in Pasqual's ear like his death-knell; but, when he heard the life-guard man swearing at the tinder for not kindling, he began to conceive some hopes, and blessed the fertile invention of a woman. The lady told him he might easily get a light at the guard, which was no great distance. Pasqual's heart leaped with joy; but, when the soldier answered that he was absent without leave, and durst not be seen, it began again to flag; and, on his ordering her to go, it died within him, and he now found himself in greater danger than ever. The lady herself was confounded; but, quickly recovering she told him, it would be too long before she could get dressed: but advised him to go to the corner of a neighbouring street, where there was a lamp burning before the Virgin Mary, who could have no objection to his lighting a candle at it. Pasqual revived; but the soldier declared he was too much fatigued with his walk, and would rather undress in the dark: he at the same time began to grope below the bed for a bottle of *liqueurs* he knew stood there. Pasqual shook like a Quaker: however, still he escaped. The lady, observing what he was about, made a spring,

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and got him the bottle at the very instant he was within an inch of seizing Pasqual's head. The lady then went to bed, and told her lover, as it was a cold night, she would warm his place for him. Pasqual admired her address, and began to conceive some hopes of escaping. His situation was the most irksome in the world; the bed was so low that he had no room to move; and, when the great heavy life-guard man entered it, he found himself squeezed down to the ground. He lay trembling and stifling his breath for some time, but found it absolutely impossible to support his situation till morning; and, indeed, if he had, his clothes, which were scattered about, must infallibly have discovered him. He therefore began to think of making his escape; but he could not move without alarming his rival, who was now lying above him. At first, he thought of rushing suddenly out, and throwing himself into the street: but this he disdained; and, on second thoughts, determined to seize the life-guard-man's sword, and either to put him to death, or make an honourable capitulation both for himself and the lady.

In the midst of these reflections, his rival began to snore, and Pasqual declared, that no music was ever so grateful to his soul. He tried to stir a little,

little, and, finding that it did not awake the enemy, he, by degrees, worked himself entirely out of his prison. He immediately laid hold of the great *spada*; when all his fears forsook him, and he felt as bold as a lion. He now relinquished the dastardly scheme of escaping, and only thought how he could best retaliate on his rival, for all that he had made him suffer. As Pasqual was stark naked, it was no more trouble to him to put on the soldier's cloathes than his own; and, as both his cloak and his cappouch together were not worth a fixpence, he thought it most eligible to equip himself *à la militaire*, and to leave his sacerdotal robes to the soldier. In a short time he was dressed *cap-à-pié*. His greasy cowl, his cloak, his sandals, his rosary, his rope of discipline, he gathered together, and placed a chair before the bed; and girded himself with a great buff-belt, instead of the *cordon* of St. Francis, and grasping his trusty *toledo* instead of the crucifix, he sallied forth into the street. He pondered for some time what scheme to fall upon; and, at first, thought of returning in the character of another life-guard-man, pretended to have been sent by the officer in quest of his companion, who, not being found in his quarters, was supposed to have deserted; and thus, after have made him pay heartily for all he had suffered below the bed, to

leave him to the enjoyment of his panic, and the elegant suit of clothes he had provided him. However, he was not satisfied with this revenge, and determined on one still more solid. He went to the guard, and, told the officer, that he had met a Capuchin Friar, with all the ensigns of his sanctity about him, sculking through the streets in the dead of the night, when they pretend to be employed in prayers for the sin of mankind; that his curiosity prompted him to follow him; that, as he expected, the holy Friar went strait to the house of a celebrated courtesan; that he saw him admitted, and listened at the window till he heard them go to bed together; that, if he did not find the information to be true, he would resign himself his prisoner, and submit to whatever punishment he thought proper. The officer and his guard, delighted to have such a hold of a Capuchin (who pretend to be the very models of sanctity, and who revile in a particular manner, the licentious life of the military), turned with utmost alacrity, and, under the conduct of Pasqual, soon surrounded the lady's house. Pasqual began thundering at the door, and demanded entrance for the officer and his guard. The unhappy soldier, waking with the noise, and not doubting that it was a detachment sent to seize him, gave himself up to despair, and instantly took shelter in the
very

very place that Pasqual had so lately occupied; at the same time laying hold of the things he found on the chair, never doubting but that they were his own cloathes.

As the lady was somewhat dilatory in opening the door, Pasqual pretended to put his foot to it, when up it flew; and, entering with the officer and his guard, he demanded the body of a Capuchin friar, who, they were informed, lodged with her that night. As the lady had heard Pasqual go out, and had no suspicion that he would inform against himself, she protested her innocence in the most solemn manner, taking all the Saints to witness that she knew no such person; but Pasqual, suspecting the retreat of the lover, began groping below the bed, and soon pulled out his own greasy cowl and cloak. 'Here,' said he to the officers, 'here are proofs enough, I'll answer for it, Signor Padre himself is at no great distance:' and putting his nose below the bed, 'Fogh!' says he, 'I smell him; he stinks like a fox. The surest way of finding a Capuchin is by the nose; you may wind him a mile off.' Then lowering their lantern, they beheld the unfortunate lover squeezed in betwixt the bed and the ground, and almost stifled. 'Ee-co lo!' said Pasqual; here he is, with all the ensigns of his holiness: and, pulling them
out

out one after another, the crucifix, the rosary, and the cord of discipline, ' You may, see, says he, ' that Reverend Father came here to do penance: ' and taking up the cord, ' Suppose now we should ' assist him in the meritorious work. ' *Andiamo, ' Signor Padre, Andiamo.* We will save you the ' trouble of inflicting it yourself; and whether you ' came here to sin, or to repent, by your own max- ' ims, you know, a little sound discipline is always ' healthful to the soul.' The guard were lying round the bed in convulsions of laughter; and began breaking the most galling, and most insolent jokes upon the supposed *Padre*. The life-guard-man absolutely thought himself enchanted. He at last ventured to speak; and declared they were all in a mistake; that he was no Capuchin. Upon which, the laugh redoubled, and the coarsest jokes were repeated. The lady, in the mean time, with the best dissembled marks of fear and astonishment, ran about the room, exclaimed: "*Oime Siamo Perduti, Siamo incantati, Siamo insorcelati.*" Pasqual, delighted to see his plan had taken its full effect, thought it now time to make his retreat, before the unfortunate lover could have an opportunity of examining his clothes, and perhaps detecting him: he therefore pretended regimental business, and, regretting that he was obliged to go to Portici, took his leave of
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the officer and his guard; at the same time, recommended, by all means, to treat the Holy Father with all that reverence and respect that was due to so sacred a person.

The life-guard-man when he got out from below the bed, began to look about for his clothes; but observed nothing but the greasy weeds of a Capuchin Friar, he was perfectly convinced that heaven had delivered him over, for his offences to the power of some demon; (for of all mortals the Neapolitan soldiers are the most superstitious.) The lady, too, acted her part so well, that he had no longer doubt of it. "Thus it is," said he in a penitential voice, "to offend heaven! I own my sin. I knew it was Friday, and yet, Oh, flesh, flesh! had it been any other day, I still should have been what I was. Oh, St. Januario! I passed thee too without paying thee due respect: thy all-seeing eye, has found me out. Gentleman, do with me what you please: I am not what I seem to be."—"No, no," said the Officer, "we are sensible of that. But come, Signor Padre, on with your garments, and march: we have no time to trifle. Here, Corporal," giving him the cordon, tie his hands, and let him feel the weight of St. Francis: the Saint owes him that, for having so impudently denied him for his master." The poor soldier was perfectly passive: they arrayed

rayed him in the sandals, the cowl, and the cloak of Francis Pasqual, and put the great rosary about his neck; and a most woeful figure he made. The Officer made him look in the glass, to try if he could recollect himself; and asked, If he was a Capuchin now or not? He was shocked at his own appearance; but bore every thing with meekness and resignation. They then conducted him to the guard, belabouring him all the way with the cord of St. Francis, and asked him every stroke, if he knew his master now? In the mean time, Pasqual was snug in his convent, enjoying the secret of his adventure.

He had a spare cloak and cowl, and was soon equipped again like one of the holy fathers: he then took the clothes and accoutrements of the life-guard-man, and laid them in a heap, near the gate of another convent of Capuchins, but at a great distance from his own, reserving only to himself a trifle of money which he found in the breeches-pocket, just to indemnify himself for the loss of his cloak and cowl; and even this, he said, he should have held sacred, but he knew whoever should find the cloak, would certainly make lawful prize of it. The poor soldier remained next day a spectacle of ridicule to all the world. At last his companions heard of his strange metamorphosis,

phosis, and came in troops to see him. Their jokes were still more galling than those of the guard; but, as he thought himself under the finger of God, or at least of St. Januarius, he bore all with meekness and patience; at last his clothes were found, and he was set at liberty; but he believes to this day, that the whole was the work of the Devil, sent to chastise him for his sin; and has never seen his mistress on a friday, nor passed the statue of St. Januarius without muttering a prayer;

ON THE
IMPROVEMENT of TIME.

THE power of looking forward into futurity, though it is the distinguishing mark of reason, yet, if misapplied, or misused, will serve only to flatter the imagination, mislead the mind into a mazy track of errors, and embitter the few comforts of life. It is a misfortune incident to all men, more especially to people of volatile dispositions, that they know not how to enjoy the present hour. The mind of man is perpetually planning out schemes of future happiness, and contemplating distant prospects of pleasure, which

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he flatters himself he is one day to possess, instead of endeavouring to enjoy the present with solid satisfaction. This disposition of mind makes us live in a continual state of expectation; for when we have gained any thing which we have long wished for, when the tardy revolution of time has brought to us what we have long impatiently expected, we soon grow cool with possession, and look with indifference upon that which so lately engaged our attention, and was the sole object of our hopes. Like children we long for a bauble: no sooner have got it, but we are tired, and long for another. More pleased with the gratification of our wayward humours than with the possessing of the thing we wanted, new objects new pleasures, then strike our imaginations: these we pursue with the same earnestness; these we long for with the same impatience, and possess them with the same disappointment and dissatisfaction.

One would be inclined to imagine that so many fruitless endeavours, and so many repeated disappointments, would effectually cure us of indulging our minds in the fond expectation of future felicity; that we should at last be prevailed upon to sit down contented in our respective stations, to enjoy the blessings that are set before us, and to make the most of that only portion of time
which

which we can with any certainty call our own: yet such is our nature, that in spite of the most convincing demonstrations of the folly of building upon futurity, though we see people unexpectedly sink into the grave, who were engaged in the same eager pursuits with ourselves, we still continue to persevere in the delusion.

This disposition in the human mind, to leave what it has, or *the things which are behind*, as the Apostle phrases it, to press forward to what is before, has no doubt its use in the constitution of man; and was, as every thing else, ordained with wisdom by the Great Creator, to lead him on to further and further improvement in the search of greater and greater perfection and happiness. But this, like all our faculties or dispositions, must be regulated and guided by reason, to produce the intended effects. And was this to be the case, he would learn from this disposition in him, to reflect that he is designed for higher and higher improvement and happiness, and beyond what he can attain to in this world, and consequently direct his thoughts to some future state of being. Would every man, instead of indulging vain and uncertain expectations, instead of forming romantic schemes of visionary happiness, employ his thoughts and the faculties of his mind in studying how he

may best improve the present hour, he would find solid advantages resulting from his conduct and be enabled to cast a retrospective eye upon past life with pleasure and self-satisfaction. Happiness, as much as our nature will admit of, is in every man's power to obtain: it does not require a great genius, or eminent abilities to render life agreeable. This must be ascribed as well to their utter negligence or inattention to the duties of religion and christianity, as to the volatility of their dispositions, and uncommon vigour of imagination and fancy, which make them constantly languish after novelties, and as constantly leave their wishes unsatisfied and disappointed.

But it is our interest, as well as our duty, to seize on the present opportunity of improving our time to the best advantage, while it is yet in our power, considering that it flies from us every moment, and is never to return again for a second trial of our obedience. When we stand on the brink of the grave, we see things as they really are, without any mask or false colouring. At that awful period, power will have lost its strength to protect, riches their value to relieve, knowledge its voice to instruct, pleasures their charms to allure; so that the power which was not before exerted to defend the helpless, the wealth which never
fed

fed the poor, the knowledge which never persuaded to virtue, and the time spent in vicious pleasures, were wretchedly employed, and, at the gloomy hour of death, can neither give hope, peace or comfort.—How sweet on the other hand, is the reflection of those whose time has been employed to good purpose, according to their capacities and stations in the world! How happy is the prospect of the great, whose power defended the oppressed; of the rich, whose wealth relieved the indigent, and raised merit from distress; of the learned, whose knowledge diffused a love of virtue and piety; and of every person who did all the good, and prevented all the evil in their power! Their time and talents were wisely employed, and the reflection on it will give them pleasure at this awful period, and their hopes will ascend to an happy immortality beyond the grave.



ROYAL

ROYAL PRUDENCE.

HENRY the Fifth, King of England, while he was Prince of Wales by his loose and dissolute conduct, was daily giving his father great cause of pain and uneasiness. His court was the receptacle of libertines, debauchees, buffoons, parasites, and all the other species of vermin which are at once the disgrace and ruin of young princes. The wild pranks and riotous exploits of the prince and his companions were the common topics of conversation. This degeneracy in the heir of the crown was not more disagreeable to the king himself, who loved him with a most tender affection, than it was alarming to the nation in general, who trembled at the prospect of being one day governed by a prince of his character. But their fears were happily removed; for no sooner had the young king assumed the reins of government, than he shewed himself to be extremely worthy of the high station to which he was advanced. He called together the dissolute companions of his youth; acquainted them with his intended reformation; advised them to imitate his good examples; and after having forbid them to appear in his presence for the future, if they continued in their old courses, he dismissed them with

with liberal presents. He chose a new council, composed of the wisest and best men in the kingdom: he reformed the benches, by discarding the ignorant and corrupt judges, and supplying their places with persons of courage, knowledge, and integrity. Even the chief justice Gascoigne, who had committed young Henry to prison, and who, on that account, trembled to approach the royal presence, was received with the utmost cordiality and friendship; and, instead of being reproached for his past conduct, was warmly exhorted to persevere in the same strict and impartial execution of the laws. When the archbishop of Canterbury applied to him for permission to impeach a great man, for holding opinions contrary to the established religion, he told him, he was averse to such sanguinary methods of conversion; that reason and argument were the proper weapons for defending and maintaining the truth: and that the most gentle means ought, in the first place, to be employed, in order to reclaim men from their errors.

In a word, he seemed determined to bury all party distinctions in eternal oblivion, and to approve himself the common father and protector of all his subjects, without exception. Even before his father's death, he seems to have been sensible

tible of the folly and impropriety of his conduct, and determined to reform: for his father being naturally of a jealous and suspicious disposition, listened to the suggestions of some of his courtiers, who insinuated that his son had an evil design upon his crown and authority.

These insinuations filled his breast with the most anxious fears and apprehensions, and perhaps he might have had recourse to very disagreeable expedients, in order to prevent the imaginary danger, had not his suspicions been removed by the prudent conduct of the young prince. He was no sooner informed of his father's jealousy, than he repaired to court, and throwing himself on his knees accosted the king in the following terms:

“ I understand, my Liege, that you suspect me of entertaining designs against your crown and person. I own I have been guilty of many excesses, which have justly exposed me to your displeasure: but I take heaven to witness, that I never harboured a single thought inconsistent with that duty and veneration which I owe to your majesty. Those who charge me with such criminal intentions only want to disturb the tranquillity of your reign, and to alienate your affections from your son and successor. I have therefore taken the liberty to come into your presence, and humbly

bly beg you will cause my conduct to be examined with as much rigour and severity as that of the meanest of your subjects; and if I be found guilty, I will cheerfully submit to any punishment you shall think proper to inflict. This scrutiny, I demand, not only for the satisfaction of your majesty, but likewise for the vindication of my own character."

The king was so highly satisfied with this prudent and ingenuous address, that he embraced him with great tenderness, acknowledging that his suspicions were entirely removed, and that for the future he would never harbour a thought prejudicial to his loyalty and honour.

PORTRAIT
OF
JOHN, EARL GRANVILLE.

COMMANDING beauty, smooth'd by cheerful grace,
Sat on the open features of his face:
Bold was his language, rapid, glowing, strong.—
And science flow'd spontaneous from his tongue.
A genius, seizing systems, flighting rules,

F

And

And void of gall, with boundless scorn of fools,
 Ambition dealt her flambeau to his hand,
 And Bacchus sprinkled fuel on the brand.
 His wish—to counsel monarchs, or controul;
 His means—th' impetuous ardour of his soul:
 For, while his views outshipt a mortal's span,
 Nor prudence drew, nor craft pursu'd the plan.
 Swift fell the scaffold of his airy pride,
 But, slightly built, diffus'd no ruin wide,
 Unhurt, undaunted, undisturb'd he fell,
 Cou'd laugh the same, and the same stories tell:
 And more a sage than he, who bad await
 His revels, till his conquests were compleat,
 Our jovial statesmen either sail unfurl'd,
 And drank his bottle, though he mis'd the world!

THE COMPETITORS.

A MORAL TALE.

MR. Barclay, a merchant of considerable emi-
 nence in the city of Bristol, becoming un-
 expectedly entitled to a very large fortune, by the
 death of a distant relation without issue, resigned
 his commercial concerns to his eldest son, and re-
 tired with the rest of his family from the fatigue
 of

of business, to enjoy the serene and tranquil harmony of retirement.

The estates to which he had succeeded were situated in that part of the county of Norfolk which borders on the sea. The situation, though somewhat reclusive, contained several families of social disposition and independent fortune, and it had the advantage of being near a market-town. The mansion-house was seated on an elevated spot; the view from which, though not very extensive, was truly picturesque and beautiful. The plantations and pleasure-grounds were laid out with great taste and judgment. The park was well stocked with deer; and the river, which meandered slowly through it, contained fish of various kinds; while the gardens afforded the choicest fruits that art and nature could produce. In such an earthly paradise, could its owner feel any other sensations than those of joy? He was, indeed, truly happy; and it is but a tribute due to his worth, to add, that he deserved the felicity he possessed.

His mind and even temper, his urbanity of manners, and his hospitable disposition, could only be equalled by the greatness of his mind, and that ineffable contempt which he manifested for every thing that bore not a resemblance to justice and

virtue. To the cries of the needy he ever lent a willing ear; and his benevolence administered to the wants and necessities of the industrious poor. "Why has heaven blessed me with wealth," he would ask when some distressing object met his enquiring eye, "but that I may distribute it among those who are the offspring of distress, and who largely quaff off the bitter cup of wretchedness?" It was his constant employment to look out for those who were persecuted by fortune; and to cheer dejected worth, by removing the appearance of want, and inspiring the minds of those whom his bounty blessed, with fortitude to struggle with adversity; and teaching them to look for ease and comfort to Him who hears not with disregard the petitions of the virtuous. Thus did he endear himself, by acts of benevolence and hospitality, to the surrounding peasantry; and he had the peculiar felicity of being beloved by all who knew him.

Mrs. Barclay, whom he had chosen rather for her amiable disposition, than for any lustre which her birth reflected, or recommendation of fortune, was a plain, notable woman; whose greatest pride was, to see her children the finest in the neighbourhood, and render her husband happy. It is true that she had her humours; and where shall we find
a woman

a woman without them? The sea is not always calm and unruffled; nor does the wind constantly preserve its gentleness. Mrs. Barclay, however, was a good sort of a woman; and, if she had her faults, her virtues were by far the more numerous.

Of their offspring, consisting of six children, four were of very tender years. The eldest son, it has been observed, succeeded to the avocation of his father, and resided at Bristol. The eldest of those who remained with their parents was a lovely girl, of great beauty, sweetness of temper, and accomplished manners. The opening rose, furcharged with the dew of morning, could not vie in freshness with the bloom which nature had spread on the cheeks of Laura. The lustre of her eyes, in colour more beautiful than æther, excelled in brightness the lucid dew-drop. Her voice was melody itself; and her form displayed such matchless symmetry and grace, as raised in the minds of her beholders the involuntary emotions of wonder and admiration.

Laura had now reached her eighteenth year, when the family were introduced to the acquaintance of Lorenzo; a young nobleman, who had just taken possession of his paternal estate; which was situated in the neighbourhood of Mr. Barclay. His lordship, who affected urbanity of mind, and
held

held out the appearance of hospitality, had honoured every family of respectability in the vicinity of his mansion with a personal visit; and, having meditated a fete, issued cards of invitation to all on whom he had called. This invitation was generally accepted; but his lordship felt himself extremely hurt, to find that it had been rejected by a man who appeared to him the most insignificant character in the place; though the terms of that rejection were such as would not have given offence to any other person than Lorenzo, whose vanity led him to believe, that every man was honoured by the notice which he deigned to pay him.

The sentiments which the enlightened mind of the youthful Edwin had imbibed, formed a wide contrast to the principles and maxims which flattery's fawning voice had implanted in that of the imperious Lorenzo. The fortunes of each were equally in the scale of opposition; and hence we may trace the cause of Edwin's declining to accept the invitation of his lordship. The annual income of Edwin, including the produce to the commission which he bore in his majesty's navy, did not exceed three hundred pounds, while that of his lordship amounted to nearly thirty thousand. Yet, with this small income, barely sufficient to maintain

maintain the appearance of a gentleman, and a sister dependent on him for support, Edwin was, perhaps, the most independent character in the kingdom, and would never prevail on himself to accept a favour, where he was precluded the possibility of a return.

Lorenzo, from his infancy, had been accustomed to pursue his inclinations without restraint; and was ill able to combat disappointment, however immaterial in its nature, and however harmless its tendency. If the rude, untutored finger of accident, but approached him, his temper became instantly ruffled; and the object that occasioned his uneasiness never met forgiveness from his haughty and revengeful temper.

Such was the man, and such the character, that aspired to the love of the fair Laura! the marked attention, and studied respect which he paid her, were too obvious to be mistaken; and, while they pained the bosom of the child, they diffused into the mind of the parent sensations of pleasure and delight.

"I was always of opinion," said the fond mother, while her eyes shone with a conscious pleasure, "that Laura would marry a great man. Faith, girl, thou art one of Fortune's favourites, to have such a man for a lover!"

"Does

"Does wealth, then, my dear mother," said Laura, in a trembling voice, "ensure felicity in the marriage state? Are the appendages of greatness necessary auxiliaries in the attainment of happiness? I have often heard my father say, that he made choice of you, not for your wealth, not for your beauty, or high descent, but for those most valuable and lasting possessions, an amiable temper, a disposition to please, and an anxious desire to improve his interest, and promote his happiness."

"And he who, in the choice of a wife, is actuated by different motives," said Mr. Barclay, "runs great hazard of being miserable for life; and who can pity such an one, if he flies, while seeking happiness, into the arms of misery?"

All this is very true," said Mrs. Barclay; "it is very good. But tell me, is it not best, when we have determined on marrying, to let our interest and our affection go hand in hand?"

"I agree," replied Mr. Barclay, "that much blame is attached to the conduct of him who marries wholly for love; yet I will contend, that he ought not to be put in competition with the wretch who sacrifices every tender thought, and tramples on every social tie, to acquire wealth, while he hates the object from whom he derives it. I hope,"
continued

continued he, " my Laura has not so far lost sight of the lesson of prudence and justice which she has been taught, to barter her peace for the toys of greatness, or the baubles of wealth."

" No, Sir," answered Laura; " the precepts which I have imbibed from your paternal care, are indelibly stamped on my memory. No power, but death, can efface them; and as you have assured me that you will not force me to give my hand to any one, however elevated his rank, or however great his fortune, who possesses not an interest in my heart, neither will I become the wife of him who merits not the approbation of my parents. As for Lorenzo," continued she, " his demeanour is such as might lead me to conclude, without exposing myself to the charge of vanity, he honoured me with a nearer esteem than friendship: but, I assure you that, whatever may be his lordship's thought on this subject, he has hitherto preserved a perfect silence; and I am free to confess, that should he at this moment avow himself my lover, and offer me his hand, I should feel no uneasiness from declining the honour of his alliance."

These sentiments of Mr. Barclay and his daughter, which were truly consistent, rational, and praise worthy, would not easily admit of opposition;

tion; at least, it must have been a very skilful and ingenious casuist, that could have furnished arguments in favour of principles and doctrines of a different complexion. This skill, and this ingenuity, Mrs. Barclay was not possessed of; and agreeable to her wonted custom of never disputing the opinions of her family any longer than she could find argument in her own favour, she dropped the subject; if not under the conviction of error, at least under that of being unable to say any thing more.

The liberal indulgence which Mr. Barclay gave to his daughter, and his determination not to violate her inclination in the important article of marriage, removed from her mind each painful thought, each anxious fear, which the attention of Lorenzo had given birth to.

The modest virtues of the graceful Edwin had made an impression on the heart of Laura, which the united efforts of birth and fortune in the person of the noble peer had failed to excite. The sister of Edwin the gentle Emily, not less in beauty rich than Laura, and fraught with equal goodness, was become her constant companion in her rural walks. A kindred virtue glowed in either breast, and united them in the social bonds of amity. Edwin perceived the rising flame, and sought its improvement,

Scarcely

Scarcely a day passed, without these friends seeing each other; and, while Edwin was busily employed in cultivating the harmony that prevailed between them, he insensibly became a slave to that passion which has been known to subdue the most obdurate heart. The beauty of Laura had impressed his bosom with unusual sensations; her vivacity, good sense, and polished conversation, made her society amiable; and the moments which deprived him of that enjoyment were become painful and tormenting.

He who was once so gay and chearful, was now thoughtful and melancholy. The amusements which were wont to engage his attention, no longer possessed the power to please. He was restless impatient, pensive, and sad: his cheeks became pale and languid; his eyes no longer sparkled with joy; and the harmony of his voice was immured in silence, or tuned to strains of woe.

The humble distance which fortune had thrown him from the object of his affections, the dependent situation of a sister whom he tenderly loved, and the natural timidity, suppressed the mention of his love, and doomed him to a painful silence. The anxious solitudes of his dear Emily, and her fond endeavours to remove the cloud that

hanging on his dejected brow, and drained from his cheeks the bloom of health, were vain and ineffectual. The tear of anguish rolled from his hollow eye, the sigh of wretchedness forced its painful passage from his breast, and hope fled the tortured mind. In presence of Miss Barclay only his countenance assumed the smile of cheerfulness; but his natural timidity, in these moments, restrained the licence of his tongue, and rendered him more thoughtful than communicative.

In one of Laura's visits to Emily, while engaged with her friend in devising some new arrangement of dress, the love-lorn Edwin gazed in silence on the object of his affections; and, suddenly rising from his seat, striking his hand on his forehead, he exclaimed—"Good God! is it then impossible?" The ladies started at the exclamation; and Emily, hastening to her brother—"What, my dear Edwin, has disturbed you thus! What is it you complain of as impossible?"

He attempted to speak, but his voice faltered; and he rushed precipitately out of the room. Emily burst into tears; and the astonished Laura strove to soothe the distress of her friend.

"What, my dear Emily, has befallen your brother, that makes him so uneasy? He was wont to be

be gay and chearful; he is now the prey of sullen melancholy. Tell me, to what are we to attribute this sad reverse of temper."

"I know not," sobbed out the weeping Emily; "nor can I learn the cause of his uneasiness. Some latent grief preys on his mind, impairs his health, and renders life burthen some, and seemingly insupportable!"

"Have you never importuned him to impart the cause which produces his uneasiness?"

"Oh, yes! but he is deaf to my entreaties, or seems not to hear my unwearied importunities. Sometimes he sits whole hours immured in gloomy silence, save when the care-expressive sigh escapes his bosom, or the half-formed sentence trembles on his tongue. Sometimes he paces the lawn with quick, uncertain step, rapt in studious contemplation; then sudden stops, bends on the vacant air his disordered eye, and holds discourse with the wind."

"And has he dropped no word, no unguarded expression that may lead you to discover the source from whence this fatal change arises?"

"It is love, my Laura, hopeless love, that thus destroys his peace! It is this that has overwhelmed his

his happiness, and given him up a prey to misery and despair."

"Know you the object of his affections?" enquired Laura, with an eagerness that betrayed her fear, while the blush of soft confusion mantled on her cheek.

"Oh, no! replied Emily," but I fear that her situation is too high for hope to reach.

"Or too remote," said Laura, "for his alliance.

"If the humblest cottage girl," returned Emily, "had engaged his affections, and he found her deserving, his independent spirit would spurn the thought that whispered the meanness of her birth; and, in preference to wealth or rank, he would take her to his arms."

"Why then," asked Laura, "should he, whose liberal mind esteems the virtuous child of poverty, be awed into silence by greatness? Is he not a gentleman? Does he not derive his descent from one of the most ancient and honourable families of the kingdom? methinks," continued she with a smile, and taking Emily by the hand, "the partiality of your brother would reflect honour on any woman, however distinguished by the gifts of fortune!"

Emily

Emily was about to reply to the encomium of her friend, when the return of Edwin interrupted her. He had thrown aside his melancholy; the smile of cheerfulness re-animated his countenance, and restored the lustre of his eyes. He apologized to Miss Barclay for his absence of mind; and intreated her to attribute it to a too thoughtful disposition, which oftentimes, he said, made him forgetful of the rules of politeness, and gave his conduct an air of rudeness, of which, he hoped, she would believe him otherwise incapable.

"This absence of mind," said he, "is owing to the want of employment: the evil, however is in a fair way of being remedied. This letter continued he, drawing one from his pocket, "which I have this instant received by express, informs me of a rupture that has broken out between the court of Versailles and that of London; and both nations are preparing for a vigorous war. My noble friend and patron, the Earl of Delaware, has obtained for me the command of a frigate; and it is necessary I should hasten to the Admiralty, to receive my appointment."

During this narration, the fair Laura stood pale and trembling; and Emily, at the conclusion, again burst into tears. Edwin employed his utmost

most endeavours to tranquillize her mind, and reconcile her to the separation. Laura, in the mean time, endeavoured to compose herself, and to smother the concern which this information had given her. In spite of her efforts, however, a tear stole from her eye; and the sigh of regret, impatient of restraint, burst the barrier of confinement. Her whole appearance betrayed the distress she felt at the event, which was to divide her from the man in whom her hopes, her wishes, and her love were centred.

Edwin's attention to his sister prevented him from perceiving the disorder; and, if he had discerned it, he would not have applied her behaviour to any other cause than that of affection for himself; so little of that personal vanity did he possess, which marks his conduct, and forms the leading features, in the deportment of our modern men of fashion. As soon as Emily had in some measure regained her composure, her friend proposed returning home. Emily found herself too weak for walking; and, as the day was fast closing, she permitted Edwin to attend her.

The road to the house of Mr. Barclay lay through some pleasant corn-fields, and commanded a fine view of the surrounding country. A wide extent of water bounded the prospect to the north;
the

the surface of which was covered with a large fleet of colliers, bound to the port of London. A gentle gale filled the sails of the vessels; the sailors were seen from the shore climbing the shrouds, and walking on the deck; the sight was grand and majestic; of which those who never beheld the sea, nor saw the stately vessel scud before the breeze, can form no adequate conception.

To the eyes of Laura this scene was become familiar; but the pleasure which she derived from its contemplation, was not in the least impaired by the frequency of its concurrence. At the present moment, however, she experienced very painful sensations from the thought that Edwin would shortly be exposed to the dangers of the capricious ocean, and involved in all the gloomy perils attendant on savage, ruthless war.

A few short sentences on subjects foreign to that which occupied the minds of the love-stricken pair, served to beguile the tedious moments that conducted them to the mansion of Mr. Barclay. The manner in which that gentleman invariably received the visits of Edwin, was marked by a politeness highly gratifying and pleasing; and, while it evinced the high sense he entertained of his merits, it also discovered an anxious desire of cultivating his acquaintance.

Of that conscious pleasure which beamed in the countenance of Edwin at the moment he received the letter of his noble friend, and which was increased by the flattering, though futile idea it inspired, of losing by absence the hopeless passion which preyed with increasing anguish on his heart, no traces remained; it was transitory, and died with the moment of its birth. Reflection brought to his mind a thousand fearful, melancholy thoughts, all clamorous to be heard, yet unheeded all. His looks again depicted the anguish of his mind; nor could the soothing voice of friendship dissipate the sorrow that deprived his soul of peace.

Mr. Barclay saw too plainly, that the mind of his young friend cherished some uneasy thought, and ventured to enquire the nature of it.

"I have just received a letter," said he, "from a friend; from which I learn that a war between this country and France is inevitable. I have already received instructions to attend the Lords of the Admiralty, to receive the command of a vessel destined to act against the enemy, and shall in a few days set out for that purpose. This, however, so far from giving me uneasiness, affords me much pleasure. My care arises from the situation
in

in which I leave my sister. In me she will lose a brother, a guardian, a protector. Where shall I find a friend in whom these characters are united? and, without such a one, how pitiable the state of a female, where youth and beauty are exposed to the restless tongue of slander, the no less insidious attacks of the licentious admirer, and the disgusting familiarity of the trifling and unmeaning coxcomb!"

"And has not Edwin such a friend!" asked Mr. Barclay. "Does he esteem those with whom he associates incapable of the manly sentiments of amity? does he hold them strangers to the social ties of virtue? believes he that the generous sigh of sympathy, which compassionates the sufferings of another, never warmed their bosoms?—Or, does he think them friends only in appearance, disdainful of the relative duties of christianity? What, then, am I?" continued Mr. Barclay. "Either you esteem me one of those unfeeling monsters I have described, or you meditate an insult.—I am offended, young man!"

"Then I am unfortunate, indeed!" said Edwin; "for of all mankind, I would most avoid offence to you: and, if I hesitated in soliciting your protection for my Emily, it was not that I doubted your honour, or that I suspected the sincerity,

of your friendship, but from an unwillingness to increase the obligations I already owe to your goodness.

"I credit the assertion," returned Mr. Barclay, and readily forgive the unintended injury. And now, my Edwin, dismiss all uneasy thoughts for Emily's welfare. While you in the blood-stained paths of war are defending the rights and liberties of your country, be it my task to protect your sister from danger, under whatsoever form it may approach her. She shall be the companion of Laura; and the care with which I guard her peace, shall watch over that of the gentle Emily.

Edwin replied, by taking Mr. Barclay's hand in both his own, and pressing it with silent gratitude. His feelings were too great for utterance. Mr. Barclay caught the soft emotion; and the eyes of Laura, who was elated with the proposition of her father, were suffused with the tears of sympathy and joy.

A solemn pause ensued; but it was a silence that impressed the heart more forcibly than could the most pointed eloquence; and conveyed to the mind sensation of ineffable delight.

Every arrangement having been made for the departure of Edwin, Emily removed, on the morning

morning he had appointed to leave the village, to the house of Mr. Barclay; her brother having disposed of his own, with the furniture, on lease, to a gentleman who had just arrived from the Indies, and who had been looking about for a temporary residence in this neighbourhood.

This interview was solemn and affecting. Emily was sad and dejected; the fair Laura's countenance depicted no inconsiderable share of anxiety; and even the good Mr. Barclay and his amiable spouse were out of spirits. Edwin was probably the most lively of the groupe; but there was an air of melancholy in his manners and address, that was visible through the cheerfulness which he assumed.

After the usual compliments had passed, little was said by any of the party, who all seemed inclined to indulge a thoughtful silence.

Some few minutes before his departure, while the chaise was waiting at the door, Edwin retired with Mr. Barclay into a private room; and delivered to him his will, which his attorney, under his directions, had prepared, and which he had that morning executed. He had left his sister his little fortune; and appointed Mr. Barclay his executor, and guardian of Emily while she should remain

remain single. He also delivered a power of attorney to Mr. Barclay, enabling him to receive the rents of his estates, till the period of his return; out of which he had set apart an annual sum for her present support. Duplicates of these instruments he had already deposited in the hands of Emily. Thus did the generous Edwin secure an independency to his sister; thus did he discharge the important duties of a father, the brother, and the friend!"

The most painful task yet remained—to bid the forrowing Emily adieu. She had retired with Laura to indulge her tears. With trembling steps he sought the weeping maid, whom he found seated, with her friend, in an alcove at the extremity of the garden. He caught her in his arms, strained her to his weeping breast, and kissed from her cheek the tears of sadness.

"Chear up my dear Emily!" said he; "forget the present moment; and, with the piercing eye of hope, trace in the womb of futurity approaching scenes of lasting bliss. We soon, my love, shall meet again."

"I hope so, my dear brother!" said Emily leaning on his neck, and kissing his cheek. "But, methinks, Edwin, you look paler than usual!"

Oh!

Oh! it is this secret grief, which preys upon your mind, that pains me worse than parting with you. Would you but disclose this fatal cause that—”

“No more, my Emily,” interrupted Edwin, “your tender fears paint to your strong imagination things that have no being, save in the delusive eye of fancy. I have no cause of grief. No undiscovered sorrow lodges in my heart: all there is tranquil—all serene. Come, come, dry up your tears, forget this strange phantasm, and let this kiss say—“Farewel!”

He then tore himself from her embraces; and was hurrying towards the house, when the voice of Laura arrested his steps. “And will you not, Edwin, bid me farewell!” asked the lovely girl, her eyes suffused with tears.

“Excuse Miss Barclay, my forgetfulness,” said Edwin. “My sister’s uneasiness, to which my presence but gives increase, had driven all other objects from my thoughts.”

Laura rose from her seat as Edwin approached; and, in drawing her handkerchief from her pocket, to wipe away her tears, let fall a locket, Edwin advanced; and, taking it up, presented it to her.

“It is a trifle, Sir,” said she; “and, if you think

think it worth accepting; it will sometimes serve to remind you of a friend."

Edwin looked at the gift; it was the miniature of Laura, richly set in brilliants. A smile of joy beamed in his expressive countenance: he eagerly snatched the blushing beauty in his arms, and impressed on her lips the chaste language of his honest love.

"I have a present for my Laura, somewhat less rich, it is true, than her's," said he, drawing from his pocket a small box, which contained a portrait of himself; and, presenting it to the enraptured maid—"But it, too, will serve for a remembrance of one who admires, at humble distance, the superior virtues of my Emily's friend."

"I see, then," said Emily, with a smile, "you have a divided affection, Edwin. That portrait, by right, is mine; nor would I secede my interest in it to any other friend than Laura."

"And was it the presentment of any other than my Emily's brother," said Laura, "I would not owe its possession to the violation of a promise."

"Oh! fortune! fortune!" exclaimed Edwin, "never till this moment did I feel thy want!"

The

The approach of Mr. Barclay, at this critical moment, prevented the developement of a secret which had been productive of much pain in the bosoms of this amiable pair. Thus interrupted, he hastily snatched a hand of each, carried them to his lips; and, faintly articulated—"Farewel!" hurried towards the house. He bowed to Mrs. Barclay as he passed her; and, having shook hands with his friend, threw himself into a chaise, and in a short time passed the boundaries of the village.

The absence of Edwin left the proud Lorenzo without a rival; and his visits to the house of Mr. Barclay were unattended with those unpleasant sensations, which the presence of one so remote from the elevated rank which his lordship supposed that he held in society frequently excited. His attentions to Miss Barclay were become more particular; and, at length, after long combating the scruples of pride, he made her an offer of his hand.

Unaccustomed to speak a language foreign to her heart, she candidly confessed that her affections were placed on another; on one who was himself a stranger to the partiality which she bore him; and entreated his lordship to renounce his passion. What a shock was this to the credulous hopes of aspiring pride! a nobleman of his exalted

rank, of his distinguished birth, of his extensive fortune, to be rejected by the daughter of a — it was insufferable!

“And you will not, madam—you will not accept of the offer, I have made you?”

“Would your lordship receive the hand of one whose heart is possessed by another?”

Lorenzo made no reply; but walked about the room, in much seeming agitation: he bit his lip with vexation; and his eyes, inflamed with passion, darted angry glances at the trembling Laura. After a silence of some minutes, his lordship resumed the topic—“And pray, madam, who is the favoured object of your love?”

“Excuse me, my lord; it is a question which prudence forbids me to answer.”

“It is well, Madam. But know to your confusion, that I am no stranger to him for whom you entertain this *secret* partiality; and, in the low-born peasant, Edwin, behold a hated rival! He is competitor with me for the beautiful Laura. Mark me, Madam! I love you beyond all thought; nor will I cease to tell the world how dear I hold you in my heart; and, if your favoured Edwin dare oppose my suit, the sword shall——”

“My

“ My lord! my lord!” interrupted Laura; “ this idle threatening excites in my bosom no cowardly fears for Edwin’s safety! His eye can view the glaring instrument of death, with a mind calm and unruffled as that your lordship wears. For shame! my lord, stifle this womanish weakness, and combat with becoming fortitude the powers of disappointment!”

“ Fortitude!” exclaimed Lorenzo; his whole frame trembling with passion.

“ I know the task is irksome,” resumed Laura, “ to one who——fatal error!——has been taught from the earliest stage of infancy to spurn restraint; and whose wants, before the tongue could give them utterance, the cringing sycophant’s assiduous care supplied. But know, my lord, that birth and fortune, and all the glittering train of greatness, to those who wear an independent mind, are empty baubles; and shed no lustre, when unaccompanied by the nobler virtues of the heart!”

“ O very well, Madam! very well! This lesson is indelibly stamped in my memory; and my pride—yes, my pride—will teach me to remember it.”

With increasing rage, the imperious lord rushed out of the room, and returned to his splendid

manfion, tortured with every unquiet thought that difappointed hope and pride could dictate. Nor was the fair Laura lefs perplexed and uneasy. She feared that Lorenzo would appeal to the decifion of her parents; and, though fhe doubted not that they anxiously wifhed her happinefs, yet the advantages of birth and fortune in the perfon of her haughty lover, fhe knew, were powerful recommendations, and trembled left the conftancy of her father fhould forfake him. Mrs. Barclay had already expreffed her approbation of his lordfhip for a fon-in-law; fhe knew, therefore, that in her, Lorenzo would find an advocate.

In this frame of mind fhe was fitting, when her father entered the room. He obferved her not; but threw himfelf on a chair, and exclaimed, with a figh—"Poor Edwin!"

"What of Edwin, Sir!" asked the pale ftruck Laura. "Have you received any intelligence from him?"

"Ah no!" replied Mr. Barclay; "not from him, but——"

"But what, Sir? O! fpeak, my dear father, and fave me from the horrors of fufpense! Why, Sir, do you tremble thus? Why ftrive to conceal
the

the care that is pictured in your countenance?
Say, what of Edwin?"

"Sooner or later, it must be known."

"Nay, then, I can discern. And is he, is he
dead?"

"Here is the record of his fate," said Mr. Barclay, presenting to his daughter a LONDON paper. She received it with a trembling hand, and through the tears of misery too plainly read the confirmation of her fears. In vain, "with courage half divine, he opposed the foe's superior force. Victory, which long stood doubtful, declared against him; and, with his shattered vessel, he became a prize to the proud sons of France. The friendly hand of death—so ran the sad report—soon snatched their prisoner from them, unlocked the chains of bondage, and gave his noble spirit freedom."

But who can paint the agony that filled the bosoms of his friends! and chiefly thine, sweet maid! whose fond imagination had given to the view of playful fancy air drawn visions of delight! DELUSIVE HOPE! faithless guide! how dost thou lead the unsuspecting mind astray with gilded prospects of changeless bliss and never-fading joy! yet that
which

which thou instructed us to pursue, is but a phantom; a shadow that flies our anxious grasp, and eludes our eager embrace!

The gentle Emily, too, with streaming eyes, and tortured soul, bemoans the loss of father, brother, friend; and mocks the force of language to speak her sorrows, or describe her woe.

It is said that—

“—By *fellowship* in woe,
Scarcely *half* our pain we know.”

And, indeed, the power of sympathy greatly alleviates distress, and operates as a pleasing antidote against misfortune. The mutual sorrow of Laura, and her friend, contributed more to allay the poignancy of their grief, than the most studied eloquence could have effected; and the tenderness of the hospitable Mr. Barclay, tended infinitely to the recovery of those amiable friends.

The penetrating eye of Mr. Barclay readily perceived that his daughter's grief for the loss of Edwin arose not solely from the friendship she bore to Emily. Love, he concluded, had by far the greatest share in her distress; and when she had in some measure recovered her former tranquillity, he ventured to express his sentiments freely on the subject.

subject. Laura confirmed his suspicions; and the fond father, mingled his tears with those of his child, lamented the disappointment of her chaste and honest love.

The minds of Laura and her friend, though greatly tranquillized, still retained a portion of uneasiness, that visibly impaired their constitutions. Mr. Barclay proposed an excursion to Bristol; the propriety of which was strongly recommended by the advice of their physician; and the ladies made no opposition to the journey. Every preparation was therefore immediately made; and Laura and her friend, attended by Mr. Barclay—Mrs. Barclay having declined accompanying them, set out for the residence of his son.

The news of Edwin's fate had also reached Lorenzo, through the channel of the public papers; and he congratulated himself on the removal of the only obstacle—in his own mind, at least—that impeded the accomplishment of his wishes. Concluding that the mind of Laura would be much agitated by this melancholy circumstance, he avoided the house of Mr. Barclay; contenting himself with writing to that gentleman a letter of condolence on the loss of his friend; and fanned his new-born hope, that promised the completion of his fond desires.

At

At this moment, the pride that should have held in remembrance the lesson of prudence, which the object of his passion had read to him, forsook his haughty and imperious mind, and love and hope alone reigned in his bosom. That he loved Laura, that his passion was pure and disinterested, is beyond a doubt; but who shall say that it fixed on her an obligation? His fondness was not her crime, but his misfortune.

The struggles of Pride and Love, in the mind of this young nobleman, made him very restless and uneasy. Love frequently urged him to forget the insult he had received from offended beauty, and sometimes led him on the way to the dwelling of Laura; but, before he reached the house, pride would rush into his mind, and rouse indignant passion from disgraceful slumber, check his vagrant steps, and conduct him back a vassal to her superior power. Thus was he tortured from day to day, from hour to hour, and when, at length, his fondness successfully combatted the remonstrances of his pride, and unimpeded he reached the mansion of his love, his high-raised hopes ended in a cruel disappointment.

Opposition generally strengthened the perseverance of Lorenzo; and his temper always spurned at restraint. His resolves now were to pursue
 Laura

Laura—the communicative disposition of Mrs. Barclay having informed him where she was gone—and again intrude on her ear the subject of love. With this resolution, he quitted Mrs. Barclay; and, as soon as his chaise and baggage were got ready, he set off for Bristol. Here he found the indisposition of Miss Barclay but feebly mended. The alteration which grief had made in her features, excited in his breast the most painful sensations; and he could scarcely credit the evidence of his sight, that the form on which he gazed was the once blooming Laura. His introduction to the family evinced much embarrassment, and, when he saluted the fair object of his love, a tear started from his eye.

Laura now plainly saw, that the passion which his lordship entertained for her was too firmly rooted to be easily eradicated; and she foresaw that its prosecution would embitter her future moments. She disclosed the situation of her heart to her friend; but she could only lament the existence of his lordship's attachment, and was totally unable to afford her anxieties any relief. The brother of Laura had already engaged the good opinion of Emily; and, though she struggled much against the rising passion, she found that he every day gained more of her esteem.

She blushed and trembled when he addressed her ; and her confusion disclosed to him the state of her heart, while her eyes confirmed the conquest he had made. Young Barclay, immersed as he was in an extensive line of business, and affairs of the greatest importance hourly demanded his attention, could not forego the pleasing contemplation of Emily's superior worth ; and, before he had scarcely considered the subject, found himself in love.

And now Lorenzo, mortified at the coldness and indifference with which Miss Barclay treated his passion, disclosed to her father the affection he bore her, and solicited from him the honour of her hand. Mr. Barclay could find in his mind no objection to his lordship's suit: he informed him, of the partiality his daughter had borne the gallant Edwin, and of his determination never to violate her inclinations ; and that, if his lordship could win her consent, he would himself do nothing to impede the completion of his wishes.

Lorenzo well knew that the integrity of Mr. Barclay was not to be shaken, and therefore submitted to this decision. He now redoubled his assiduities to Laura, and employed every art to win her favour.—

“ He

“ He urg’d his suit with all the fervent zeal
 That honest love and passion could inspire;
 Display’d the glories of imperial greatness,
 To catch the fair, and make her fancy’s slave :
 Nor were his wond’rous suff’rings left unnotie’d,
 To raise a spark of pity in her mind,
 And then by art to fan it into love ;
 But all his labour’d eloquence was vain.”

Again he left the unrelenting fair, and sought
 for relief in the haunts of dissipation ; while, to
 avoid the sight of one who gave her pain, the still
 melancholy Laura returned to her village, and
 lived secluded in the bosom of solitude. But soli-
 tude could afford her no peace. Memory, with
 increasing fondness, dwelt enraptured on the image
 of Edwin ; and grief and wretchedness drained
 from her the springs of life.

Mr. Edward Barclay, who had accompanied
 his father home, had now more leisure to examine
 the merits of his sister’s friend, and to cultivate
 her esteem. Little penetration served to discover
 the one, and he had some time been in the full posses-
 sion of the other. He stated to his father the senti-
 ments he entertained for his fair ward, and re-
 ceived from him an unequivocal assent to pursue
 his inclinations. Without any further hesitation,

therefore, he disclosed to Emily the partiality he bore her, and solicited the honour of her hand. With becoming modesty the blushing maid confessed a mutual fondness, and confirmed her lover's happiness.

Meanwhile, the imperious Lorenzo, urged by repeated disappointments, and the advice of some dissolute companions, to whom he had communicated the particulars of his unsuccessful passion, meditated revenge against the despiser of his love. It was their design to steal on her in one of her lonely walks, and to carry her off by force. For this purpose, his lordship, attended by a brace of disbanded officers, who chiefly lived by the flattery of their tongues, arrived at his country residence. Here they finished their plan of operations, and impatiently awaited the arrival of the moment that was to put them into execution. Nor were they long held in suspense. Laura, one evening, withdrawing from Emily and her lover, directed her steps to the brow of the neighbouring cliff, as was now become her frequent custom, to gaze on the liquid main, and view the approach of distant sails, as if expecting the arrival of her love. To this place Lorenzo and his associates watched the unsuspecting maid, concealing themselves in a small grove of firs at a short distance, waiting

waiting the labourers desertion of the fields, and the coming on of the evening, if she should continue her stay, as she generally did, to that late hour, to favour their designs.

And now a distant vessel caught the watchful eye of Laura. A brisk gale filled the swelling sails, and drove her towards the shore. The weary pilot heaved the lead; the anchor was cast, and all her sails unfurled. In a few minutes after, a boat was thrown out, and manned, which made for the shore. Imagination pictured to the mind of Laura her lover's return; nor did her fond idea fade away, till she beheld the boat on the beach, and saw the tattered garments of the sun-burnt crew. She concluded that the vessel was manned with those sort of people who frequent this part of the coast to dispose of contraband goods; and, thus disappointed, she turned from the scene, and sought with streaming eyes her father's house. Scarcely, however, had she walked a dozen yards, before she heard several voices behind her, which she supposed to be those of the sailors she had seen; and, at the same time, one of Lorenzo's companions rushed from his ambush, and seized the affrighted Laura. A second followed; and a third approached, which she knew to be Lorenzo.

“Now, Madam,” said the scornful lord, “resistance

assistance will avail you little; you now are in my power. Say, you will be mine—”

“Your’s!” interrupted the indignant maid—
 “No, never! No force on earth shall make me your’s!—Away, Sir! nor interrupt my passage.”

“If I forego the present opportunity which fortune has given me, then may disappointment haunt me still!—Run, Blundell, to the bottom of the hill, and desire the postillion to drive this way.”

At this moment, the sailors, whom she had before heard, passed with a quick and hurrying pace. To these Laura called for assistance. Her voice operated like electricity on the foremost of the sailors, who were three in number: he instantly checked his steps. Laura proceeded—“For Heaven’s sake, good fellows! protect me from the rude insults of these men; who, against my inclination, are forcing me from my parents!”

The sailor, who had stopped so suddenly, now came forward, his eyes darting fury; and, unsheathing a sword which he held in his hand, approaching Lorenzo, whose weapon was also naked. The companions of his lordship made a precipitate flight, while he was engaged in a fruitless attempt to parry the well directed thrusts of his antagonist;

but

but he was soon overtaken by one of the failors, and brought back to the scene of action.

The fight of the swords, threw Laura into a swoon, and she dropped into the arms of the third failor. Such was her situation, when Mr. Edward Barclay, alarmed at the long stay of his sister, come to seek her. Lorenzo had fallen beneath the sword of the ragged failor; who, seeing his conquest firmly established, hastened to the fair object for whom he had fought.

The presence of her brother, at the moment she recovered her senses, tranquillized her mind; and enabled her to relate the manner in which she had been attacked by Lorenzo and his companions.

"O my brave fellow!" said Mr. Barclay, "what do we not owe to thy generous protection! What reward is there, however great, that can equal the service thou hast done us!—But let us not pursue our revenge too far. Release that fellow, and let him attend the guilty lord to his habitation."

The chaise now approached, and the two officers lifted Lorenzo into it—who, through loss of blood, was unable to speak—and drove slowly towards his lordship's house.

"How

"How sincerely, my dear sister," said Mr. Barclay, "do I congratulate your miraculous escape from the power of the proud Lorenzo!—My love, the gentle Emily, too, and our fond parents, who at this moment suffer a thousand fears, will share my pleasure.—But what reward will you give your brave deliverer? My purse," continued he, drawing it from his pocket, "is at present very low—" "Think me not, Sir," interrupted the sailor, "so selfish. That which I have done, 'o'erpays itself in doing;" and when I reflect that it is my Laura that I have served——"

"Your Laura!" interrupted Mr. Barclay.—"Yes! Yes!—it is, it is, my Edwin!" said Laura, rushing into his extended arms: "my long lost love!"

"Where, now, is fled the recollection of past wretchedness! The bliss my longing soul now tastes, drives away every lingering trace of sorrow from my mind; and all, now, is pleasure, happiness, and love!"

"But where, where hast thou been? How come here?—You were reported dead!"

"The tale is long, my love! nor does it suit the present joyful moment. But, say, how fares my sister, my dear Emily? Is she well?"

"Let

“ Let me,” said Mr. Barclay, “ who hold an interest in her heart, who prize her happiness beyond all other joys the world can boast; let me report the joyful tidings, that she is well! that she is happy! save when the remembrance of her brother’s fancied fate recurs to her memory, and interrupts her joy.—But come, sister—brother—for so I now may call you; let us seek our desponding friends, and calm each anxious fear. The presence of my dear Laura, and of him whose memory they fondly cherish, will banish every sorrow and leave their minds susceptible only of joy.

The impatience with which Mr. and Mrs. Barclay waited the return of their children, and the inquietude Emily suffered from the absence of her friend and lover, were amply compensated in the arrival of the gallant Edwin from the gloom of a foreign prison; where, it seems, he had long been confined, and from which he had just been set at liberty. The report of his death was an error, originating from his having been so desperately wounded as to be obliged to leave the deck.

The return of Edwin was immediately followed by his union with Laura, and that of Mr. Edward Barclay with the gentle Emily; while the proud
Lorenzo,

Lorenzo, slowly recovering from his wounds, retreated from the village, a melancholy example of the errors of education! and leaving the young couples in the full enjoyment of every felicity which a mutual and honest love is capable of affording.

ON

SUPERSTITION.

SUPERSTITION is the great despot of our miserable globe. This is the most powerful enemy of that pure and spiritual worship which should be paid to the Supreme Being. Let us detest this unnatural monster, that has ever been stabbing the breast of its mother, from whence it derives its nourishment. 'Tis a serpent that involves religion in its folds, and we should endeavour to crush its head without hurting the victim which it infects and devours.

VERSES

V E R S E S,

Addressed to a YOUNG LADY

ON HER MARRIAGE.

THE world's esteem be you content to gain,
 Its admiration leave the gay and vain:
 To flatt'ry now no longer lend your ear,
 But speak with caution, and with caution hear:
 Regard not fops, though they in raptures swear
 You're born for conquest, and divinely fair;
 O let the coxcombs see you can despise,
 And find a fool, though hid in gay disguise;
 Each prating puppy then shall hold his tongue,
 Nor even scandal do your honour wrong;—
 Your husband's love your first attention claims,
 If he approves, no matter then who blames:
 And take this truth, though in no flow'ry strain,
 That love once lost is ne'er renewed again:
 An oath, my dear, you to high Heaven have
 made,
 Each power flood witness while the words were
 said;
 Though unpolite, I must the truth convey,
 Be not surpriz'd, you promis'd to obey:
 Obedience pure, and undisguis'd by art;
 That takes its rise from virtue in the heart;

That springs from love to fordid minds unknown,
 And reigns in tempers generous as your own;
 O may the man, who from the altar led
 Thy blooming beauties to the bridal bed;
 Who took thee blushing in thy virgin charms,
 And found a Heaven of love within thine arms!
 Sooth'd by thy friendship, ne'er repent the hour,
 He gave his soul a victim to love's power;
 O be it thine, by each endearing art,
 To gain the soft dominion o'er his heart;
 Then when the beauties of thy form shall fade,
 By sickness wasted, or by age decay'd;
 Thy mind shall then the transient charms supply,
 And give those beauties that can never die.

 A N

A N E C D O T E .

A PARISH in Lincolnshire was some years ago, the residence of a Sir John Trollop, in which he displayed many acts of liberality; among others he beautified the church and erected a lofty spire. The inhabitants to testify their gratitude, and to perpetuate the memory of their generous benefactor, caused a statue to be erected in the church, with one hand pointing up to the steeple,

steeple, and the other downward to the spot where his remains were to be interred, and under this figure were engraved the following curious lines:

This is the effigy of Sir John Trollop,
 Who caus'd those stones, that spire to roll up;
 And when that God does take his soul up;
 His body is to fill that hole up.

BODY and SOUL.

TWO inferences are to be drawn from this consideration. First, that we should stock the soul with such ideas, sentiments, and affections, as have a benign and salutary influence upon the body. Secondly, that we should keep the body, by temperance, exercise, &c. in that state which has a like benign and salutary influence on the soul. The common practice is exactly the reverse. Men indulge passions in the soul, which destroy the health of the body, and introduce distempers into it, which impair the powers of the soul. Man being a compound creature, his happiness is not complete till both parts of the composition partake of it.

SUICIDE.

S U I C I D E.

RICHARD SMITH, a bookbinder, and a prisoner for debt in the King's bench, having murdered his little infant, persuaded his wife to accompany him in making away with himself. This miserable pair was soon found hanging in their bed-chamber, at about a yard distance from each other; and the child found dead in the cradle in a separate apartment. They left a letter, surprising for the propriety and calm resolution in which it was written. They declared the most unremitting industry could not obtain a livelihood; that this step withdrew them from rags and misery, which they found inevitable; that it was more cruel to leave their child behind them, friendless and exposed to wretchedness, than to take it with them; they trusted in Almighty God, and with humble resignation committed themselves to him, who could not delight in the miseries of his creatures.

PATRIOTISM.

PATRIOTISM.

GENUINE patriotism, like genuine religion, is so seldom possessed by those who wish to be thought it's friends, that it behoves us with the strictest scrutiny to inspect the characters of such as call themselves the advocates of freedom. Many assume the mask of liberty, that under the disguise of patriots they may, with more facility, execute those projects of ambition and self-interest which are the main spring of all their actions. History affords abundant examples of this nature; while we see but here and there a true patriot, a friend of mankind. It is not he who mouths it for the public weal, and makes the greatest cry for liberty, that is always its friend. The patriot says little, thinks much. He views with contempt the petty opposition of factious men, whose only aim is self—nor speaks, till he hears his country's call; then, no one can be more ready to assist in its service. Forgetting every little consideration of ease and health, he feels an irresistible *amor patriæ* invigorate his soul, and nerve him against the arm of oppression. His wife and children though dearer than life, are nothing when his country demands the sacrifice. His existence he holds for its service and yields it in her defence. Nor is the patriot's love confined to his own country; he even desires

desires the freedom and happiness of universal man. His heart pants to see the glorious time, when nations shall forget those animosities which have deluged the world with blood, and stained the annals of humanity; when, convinced that virtue is not bounded by soil, or friendship by colour, but that great and virtuous characters exist in every climate, men shall live, not as savages, to prey on each other, but as children of the same All-beneficent Being, who created them to live in harmony and love. How different from this, is the man who, with liberty on his tongue, uses it only to allure the multitude; while his aim is place and pension. To such are we indebted for all our national misfortunes. When they have obtained their end, we often find those who made the most noise for liberty, pursue measures inimical to the public good. We should praise rather than blame the people for suspecting those who would be thought champions for their rights and liberties; since experience evinces, that the character of a true patriot is not always found in the man who professes to be one. A true patriot must be a virtuous man.

DISTRESS

DISTRESS ENCOURAGED BY HOPE;

THE HISTORY OF MELISSA.

I RECEIVED, a few weeks ago, an account of the death of a lady whose name is known to many, but the "eventful history" of whose life has been communicated to few: to me it has been often related during a long and intimate acquaintance; and as there is not a single person living, upon whom the making it public can reflect unmerited dishonour, or whose delicacy or virtue can suffer by the relation, I think I owe to mankind a series of events from which the wretched may derive comfort, and the most forlorn may be encouraged to hope; as misery is alleviated by the contemplation of yet deeper distress, and the mind fortified against despair by instances of unexpected relief.

The father of Melissa was the younger son of a country gentleman who possessed an estate of about five hundred a year; but as this was to be the inheritance of the elder brother, and as there were three sisters to be provided for, he was at about sixteen taken from Eton school, and apprenticed to a considerable merchant at Bristol. The young gentleman, whose imagination had been fired by the exploits of heroes, the victories gained by

M

magnanimous

magnanimous presumption, and the wonders discovered by daring curiosity, was not disposed to consider the acquisition of wealth as the limit of his ambition, or the repute of honest industry as the total of his fame. He regarded his situation as servile and ignominious, as the degradation of his genius and the preclusion of his hopes; and longing to go in search of adventures, he neglected his business as unworthy of his attention, heard the remonstrances of his master with a kind of sullen disdain, and after two years legal slavery, made his escape, and at the next town enlisted himself a soldier; not doubting but that, by his military merit, and the fortune of war, he should return a general officer, to the confusion of those who would have buried him in the obscurity of a counting-house. He found means effectually to elude the inquiries of his friends, as it was of the utmost importance to prevent their officious endeavours to ruin his project, and obstruct his advancement.

He was sent with other recruits to London, and soon afterwards quartered with the rest of his company in a part of the country, which was so remote from all with whom he had any connection, that he no longer dreaded a discovery.

It happened that he went one day to the house of a neighbouring gentleman with his comrade, who was become acquainted with the chambermaid, and by her interest admitted into the kitchen. This gentleman, whose age was something more than sixty, had been about two years married to a second wife, a young woman who had been well educated and lived in the polite world, but had no fortune. By his first wife, who had been dead about ten years, he had several children; the youngest was a daughter who had just entered her seventeenth year; she was very tall for her age, had a fine complexion, good features, and was well shaped; but her father, whose affection for her was mere instinct, as much as that of a brute for its young, utterly neglected her education. It was impossible for him he said, to live without her; and as he could not afford to have her attended by a governess and proper masters in a place so remote from London, she was suffered to continue illiterate and unpolished; she knew no entertainment higher than a game of romps with the servants; she became their confident, and trusted them in return, nor did she think herself happy any where but in the kitchen.

As the capricious fondness of her father had never conciliated her affection, she perceived it

abate upon his marriage without regret. She suffered no new restraint from her new mother, who observed it with a secret satisfaction that Miss had been used to hide herself from visitors, as neither knowing how to behave or being fit to be seen, and chose rather to conceal her defects, by excluding her from company, than to supply them by putting her to a boarding-school.

Miss, who had been told by Betty that she expected her sweet heart, and that they were to be merry, stole down stairs, and, without scruple, made one in a party at blind man's buff. The soldier of fortune was struck with her person, and discovered, or thought he discovered in the simplicity of nature, some graces which are polished by the labour of art. However, nothing that had the appearance of an adventure could be indifferent to him; and his vanity was flattered by the hope of carrying off a young lady under the disguise of a common soldier, without revealing his birth, or boasting of his expectations.

In this attempt he became very assiduous, and succeeded. The company being ordered to another place, Betty and her young mistress departed early in the morning with their gallants; and there being a privileged chapel in the next town they were married.

The

The old gentleman as soon as he was informed that his daughter was missing, made so diligent and scrupulous an enquiry after her, that he learned with whom and which way she was gone; he mounted his horse, and pursued her, not without curses and imprecations; discovering rather the transports of rage, than the emotions of tenderness, and resenting the offence rather as the rebellion of a slave, than the disobedience of a child. He did not, however, overtake them till the marriage had been consummated, of which when he was informed by the husband, he turned from him with expressions of brutality and indignation; swearing never to forgive a fault which he had taken no care to prevent.

The young couple, notwithstanding their union frequently doubled their distress, still continued fond of each other. The spirit of enterprize and the hope of presumption were not yet quelled in the young soldier; and he received orders to attend King William, when he went to the siege of Namur, with exultation and transport, believing his elevation to independance and distinction as certain as if he had been going to take possession of a title and estate. His wife who had been some months pregnant, as she had no means of subsistence in his absence, procured a passage with him.

When

When she came on shore and mingled with the crowd that followed the camp, wretches who without compunction wade in human blood to strip the dying and the dead, to whom horror becomes familiar and compassion impossible, she was terrified: the discourse of the women, rude and unpolished as she was, covered her with confusion, and the brutal familiarity of the men filled her with indignation and disgust: her maid Betty, who had also attended her husband, was the only person with whom she could converse, and from whom she could hope the assistance of which she was so soon to stand in need.

In the mean time she found it difficult to subsist; but accidentally hearing the name of an officer, whom she remembered to have visited her mother soon after her marriage, she applied to him, told him her name, and requested that he would afford her his protection, and permit her to take care of his linen. With this request the captain complied; her circumstances became less distressed, and her mind more easy; but new calamity suddenly overtook her; she saw her husband march to an engagement in the morning, and saw him brought back desperately wounded at night. The next day he was removed in a waggon with many others who were in the same condition, to a place

place of great safety, at the distance of about three leagues, where proper care might be taken of their wounds. She intreated the captain to let her go in the waggon with him; but to this he could not consent, because the waggon would be filled with those who neither were able to walk, nor could be left behind. He promised, however, that if she would stay till the next day, he would endeavour to procure her a passage; but she chose rather to follow the waggon on foot, than to be absent from her husband. She could not, however, keep pace with it, and she reached the hospital but just time to kneel down by him upon some clean straw, to see him sink under the last agony, and hear the groan that is repeated no more. The fatigue of the journey, and the perturbation of her mind, immediately threw her into labour, and she lived but to be delivered of Melissa, who was thus in the most helpless state left without father, mother or friend, in a foreign country, in circumstances which could afford no hope of reward to the tenderness that should attempt the preservation of her life, and among persons who were become obdurate and insensible, by having been long used to see every species of distress.

It happened that, among those whom accident or distress had brought together at the birth of Melissa,

Melissa, there was a young woman whose husband had fallen in the late engagement, and who a few days before had lost a little boy that she suckled. This person, rather perhaps to relieve herself from an inconveniency, than in compassion to the orphan, put it to her breast; but whatever was her motive, she believed that the affording sustenance to the living, conferred a right to the apparel of the dead, of which she therefore took possession; but in searching her pocket she found only a thimble, the remains of a pocket looking glass, about the value of a penny Dutch money, and the certificate of her marriage. The paper, which she could not read, she gave afterwards to the captain, who was touched with pity at the relation which an inquiry after his landress produced. He commanded the woman who had preserved the infant, to be called and put her into the place of its mother. This encouraged her to continue her care of it till the captain returned to England, with whom she also returned, and became his servant.

This gentleman, as soon, as he had settled his immediate concerns, sent Melissa under the care of her nurse to her grandfather; and inclosed the certificate of her mother's marriage in a letter containing an account of her death, and the means by which the infant had been preserved. He knew that

that those who had been once dear to us, by whatever offence they may have alienated our affections, when living, are generally remembered with tenderness when dead; and that after the grave has sheltered them from our resentment, and rendered reconciliation impossible, we often regret as severe that conduct which before we approved as just; he, therefore, hoped that the parental fondness which an old man had once felt for his daughter, would revive at the sight of her offspring; that the memory of her fault would be lost in the sense of her misfortunes; and that he would endeavour to atone for that inexorable resentment which produced them, by cherishing a life to which she had, as it were, transferred her own. But in these expectations, however reasonable, he was mistaken. The old man, when he was informed by the messenger that the child was his grand-daughter, whom she was come to put under his protection, refused to examine the contents of the letter, and dismissed her with menaces and insults. The knowledge of every uncommon event soon becomes general in a country town. An uncle of Melissa's, who had been rejected by his father for having married his maid, heard this fresh instance of his brutality with grief and indignation; he sent immediately for the child and the letter, and assured the servant that his niece should want nothing which he could

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bestow :

bestow: to bestow much, indeed was not in his power, for his father having obstinately persisted in his resentment, his whole support was a little farm which he rented of the 'squire; but as he was a good œconomist and had no children of his own, he lived decently; nor did he throw away content, because his father had denied him affluence.

Melissa, who was compassionate for her mother's misfortune, of which her uncle had been particularly informed by her maid Betty, who had returned a widow to her friends in the country, was not less beloved for her own good qualities; she was taught to read and write, and work at her needle, as soon as she was able to learn; and she was taken notice of by all the gentry as the prettiest girl in the place; but her aunt died when she was about eleven years old, and before she was thirteen she lost her uncle.

She was now again thrown back upon the world, still helpless, though her wants were increased; wretched in proportion as she had known happiness, she looked back with anguish, and forward with distraction; a fit of crying had just afforded her momentary relief, when the 'squire, who had been informed of the death of his tenant, sent for her to his house. This gentleman had heard the
story

story from her uncle, and was unwilling that a life which had been preserved almost by miracle, should at last be abandoned to misery; he therefore determined to receive her into his family, not as a servant, but as a companion to his daughter, a young lady finely accomplished, and now about fifteen. The old gentleman was touched with her distress, and Miss received her with great tenderness and complacency; she wiped away her tears, and of the intolerable anguish of her mind, nothing remained but a tender remembrance of her uncle, whom she loved and revered as a parent. She had now courage to examine the contents of a little box which he had put into her hand just before he expired; she found in it only the certificate of her mother's marriage, enclosed in the captain's letter, and an account of the events that have been before related, which her uncle had put down as they came to his knowledge: the train of mournful ideas that now rushed upon her mind, raised emotions which, if they could not be suppressed by reason, were soon destroyed by their own violence. In this family, which in a few weeks after returned to London, Melissa soon became a favourite: the good 'squire seemed to consider her as his child, and Miss as her sister; she was taught dancing and music, introduced to the best company, elegantly dressed, and allowed such

fums as were necessary for trivial expences. Youth seldom suffers the dread of to-morrow to intrude upon the enjoyments of to-day, but rather regards present felicity as the pledge of future: Meliffa was probably as happy as if she had been in the actual possession of a fortune, that, to the ease and splendor which she enjoyed already, which would have added stability and independence.

She was now in her eighteenth year, and the only son of her benefactor was just come from the university to spend the winter with his father in town. He was charmed with her person, behaviour, and discourse; and what he could not but admire, he took every opportunity to commend. She soon perceived that he shewed particular respect to her, when he thought they would not be perceived by others; and that he endeavoured to recommend himself by an officious assiduity, and a diligent attention to the most minute circumstances that might contribute to her pleasure. But this behaviour of the young gentleman, however it might gratify her vanity, could not fail to alarm her fear; she foresaw, that if what she had remarked in his conduct should be perceived by his father and sister, the peace of the family would be destroyed: and that she must either be shipwrecked in the storm, or thrown over to appease it.

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She therefore affected not to perceive, that more than a general complaisance was intended by her lover, and hoped that he would thus be discouraged from making an explicit declaration: but though he was mortified at her disregard of that which he knew she could not but see, yet he determined to address her in such terms as should not leave this provoking neutrality in her power: though he revered her virtue, yet he feared too much the anger of his father to think of making her his wife: and he was too deeply enamoured of her beauty, to relinquish his hopes of possessing her as a mistress. An opportunity for the executing of his purpose was not long wanting: she received his general professions of love with levity and merriment; but when she perceived that his view was to seduce her to prostitution, she burst into tears, and fell back in an agony unable to speak. He was immediately touched with grief and remorse; his tenderness was alarmed at her distress, and his esteem increased by her virtue; he caught her in his arms, and as an atonement for the insult she had received, he offered her marriage: but as her chastity would not suffer her to become his mistress, neither would her gratitude permit her to become his wife; and as soon as she was sufficiently recollected, she intreated him never more to urge her to violate the obligation she

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was under either to herself or to her benefactor: "Would not," said she, "the presence of a wretch whom you had seduced from innocence and peace to remorse and guilt, perpetually upbraid you; and would you not fear to be betrayed by a wife, whose fidelity no kindness can secure; who had broken all the bands that restrain the generous and the good; and who by an act of the most flagitious ingratitude had at once reached the pinnacle of guilt, to which others ascend by imperceptible gradations."—These objections, though they could neither be obviated nor evaded, had yet no tendency to subdue desire; he loved with greater delicacy, but with more ardour; and as he could not always forbear expostulations, neither could she always silence them in such a manner as might more effectually prevent their being repeated. Such was one morning the situation of the two lovers; he had taken her hand into his, and was speaking with great eagerness; while she regarded him with a kind of timorous complacency, and listened to him with attention which her heart condemned; his father in this tender moment, in which their powers of perception were mutually engrossed by each other, came near enough to hear that his heir had made proposals of marriage, and retired without their knowledge.

As he did not dream that such a proposal could possibly be rejected by a girl in Meliffa's situation, imagining that every woman believed her virtue to be inviolate, if her person was not prostituted, he took his measures accordingly. It was near the time in which his family had been used to remove into the country : he therefore, gave orders, that every thing should be immediately prepared for the journey, and that the coach should be ready at six the next morning, a man and horse being dispatched in the mean time to give notice of their arrival. The young folks were a little surprized at this sudden removal ; but though the 'squire was a good-natured man, yet as he governed his family with high authority, and as they perceived something had offended him, they did not enquire the reason, nor did they suspect it.

Meliffa packed up her things as usual : and in the morning the young gentleman and his sister having by their father's orders got into the coach, he called Meliffa into the parlour ; where in a few words, with great acrimony, he reproached her with having formed a design to marry his son without his consent, an act of ingratitude, which he said justified him in upbraiding her with the favours which he had already conferred upon her, and in a resolution he had taken that a bank bill
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of fifty pounds, which he then put into her hand, should be the last, adding, that he expected she should within one week leave the house. To this heavy charge she was not in a condition to reply, nor did he stay to see whether she would attempt it, but hastily got into the coach, which immediately drove from the door.

Thus was Melissa a third time, by a sudden and unexpected desertion, exposed to penury and distress, with this aggravation, that ease and influence were become habitual; and that though she was not so helpless as at the death of her uncle, she was exposed to yet greater danger; for few that have been used to slumber up and down, and wake to festivity, can resist the allurements of vice, who still offers ease and plenty, when the alternative are a flock bed, and a garret, short meals, coarse apparel, and perpetual labour. Melissa, as soon as she had recovered from the stupor which had seized her upon so astonishing and dreadful a change of fortune, determined not to accept the bounty of a person who imagined her to be unworthy of it; nor to attempt her justification, while it would render her veracity suspected, and appear to proceed only from the hope of being restored to a state of splendid dependance, from which jealousy or caprice might again at any time

time remove her, without notice: she had not, indeed, any hope of being ever able to defend herself against her accuser upon equal terms; nor did she know how to subsist a single day, when she had returned his bill and quitted his house; yet such was the dignity of her spirit, that she immediately inclosed it in a blank cover, directed to him at his country house, and calling up the maid who had been left to take care of the house, sent her immediately with it to the Post-Office. The tears then burst out, which the agitation of her mind had before restrained; and when the servant returned, she told her all that had happened, and asked her advice, what she should do. The girl, after the first emotions of wonder and pity had subsided, told her that she had a sister who lodged in a reputable house, and took in plain work, to whom she would be welcome, as she could assist in her business, of which she had often more than she could do; and with whom she might continue till some more eligible situation could be obtained. Melissa listened to this proposal as to the voice of Heaven; her mind was suddenly released from the most tormenting perplexity, from the dread of wandering about without money or employment, exposed to the menaces of a beadle, or the insults of the rabble; she was in haste to secure her good fortune, and felt some

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degree of pain left she should lose it by the earlier application of another ; she therefore went immediately with the maid to her sister, with whom it was soon agreed that Melissa should work for her board and lodging ; for she would not accept as a gift, that which she could by any means deserve as a payment.

While Melissa was a journeywoman to a person, who but a few weeks before would have regarded her with envy, and approached her with confusion ; it happened that a suit of linen was brought from the milliners, wrapped up in a newspaper ; the linen was put into the work-basket, and the paper being thrown carelessly about, Melissa at last caught it up, and was about to read it ; but perceiving it had been published a fortnight, was just a going to put it in the fire, when by an accidental glance she saw her father's name : this immediately engaged her attention, and with great perturbation of mind she read an advertisement, in which, her father, said to have left his friends about eighteen years before, and to have entered either into the army or navy, was directed to apply to a person in Staples Inn, who could inform him of something greatly to his advantage. To this person Melissa applied with all the ardour of curiosity, and all the tumult of expectation ; she

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was informed that the elder brother of the person mentioned in the advertisement was lately dead, unmarried; that he was possessed of fifteen hundred a year, five hundred of which had descended to him from his father, and one thousand had been left him by an uncle, which upon his death, there being no male heir, had been claimed by his sisters; but that a mistress who had lived with him many years, and who had been treated by the supposed heiresses with too much severity and contempt, had in the bitterness of her resentment published the advertisement, having heard in the family that there was a younger brother abroad.

The conflict of different passions excited with uncommon violence in the breast of Melissa, deprived her for a time of the power of reflection, and when she became more calm, she knew not by what method to attempt the recovery of her right; her mind was bewildered amidst a thousand possibilities, and distressed by the apprehension that all might prove ineffectual.

After much thought and many projects, she recollected that the captain, whose servant brought her to England, could probably afford her more assistance than any other person; as he had often been pointed out to her in public places by the

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Squire

squire, to whom her story was well known, she was acquainted with his person, and knew that within a few months he was alive: she soon obtained directions to his house, and being readily admitted to a conference, she told him with as much presence of mind as she could, that she was the person whom his compassion had contributed to preserve when an infant; in confirmation of which she produced his letter, and the certificate inclosed in it; that by the death of a father's elder brother, whose family she had never known, she was become entitled to a very considerable estate; but that she knew not what evidence would be necessary to support her claim, how such evidence was to be produced, nor with whom to entrust the management of an affair in which wealth and influence would be employed against her. The old captain received her with that easy politeness which is almost peculiar to his profession, and with a warmth of benevolence that is seldom found in any; he congratulated her upon so happy and unexpected event; and without the parade of ostentatious liberality, without extorting an explicit confession of her indigence, he gave her a letter to his lawyer, in whom he said she might with the utmost security confide, and with whom she would have nothing more to do than to tell her story: "And do not," said he, "doubt of success,

cess, for I will be ready to testify what I know of the affair, whenever I shall be called on; and the woman who was present at your birth, and brought you over, still lives with me, and on occasion may do you signal service."

Melissa departed, melted with gratitude and elated with hope. The gentleman, to whom the captain's letter was a recommendation, prosecuted her claim with so much skill and assiduity, that within a few months she was put in possession of her estate. Her first care was to wait upon the captain, to whom she now owed not only life but a fortune: he received her acknowledgments with a pleasure, which only those who merit it can enjoy; and insisted that she should draw upon him for such sums as she should want before her rents became due. She then took very handsome ready-furnished lodgings, and determined immediately to justify her conduct to the squire, whose kindness she still remembered, and whose resentment she had forgiven. With this view she set out in a chariot and six, attended by two servants in livery on horseback, and proceeded to his country-seat, from whence the family was not returned: she had lain at an inn within six miles of the place, and when the chariot drove up to the door, as it was early in the morning, she could
perceive

perceive the servants run to and fro in a hurry, and the young lady & her brother gazing through the window to see if they knew the livery : she remarked every circumstance which denoted her own importance with exultation ; and enjoyed the solicitude which her presence produced among those, from whose society she had so lately been driven with disdain and indignation.

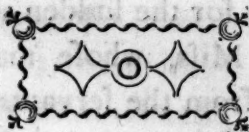
She now encreased their wonder, by sending in a servant to acquaint the old gentleman, that a lady desired to speak with him about urgent business, which would not however long detain him : he courteously invited the lady to honour him with her commands, hastened into his best parlour, adjusted his wig, and put himself in the best order to receive her : she alighted, and displayed a very rich undress, which corresponded with the elegance of her chariot, and the modish appearance of her servants. She contrived to hide her face as she went up the walk, that she might not be known too soon ; and was immediately introduced to her old friend, to whom she soon discovered herself to his great astonishment, and before he had recovered his presence of mind, she addressed him to this effect, " You see, sir, an orphan who is under the greatest obligations to your bounty, but who has been equally injured by your suspicions.

cions. When I was a dependant upon your liberality, I would not assert my innocence, because I could not bear to be suspected of falshood: but I assert it now, being the possessor of a paternal estate, because I cannot bear to be suspected of ingratitude: that your son pressed me to marry him, is true; but it is also true that I refused him, because I would not disappoint your hopes and impoverish your posterity." The old gentleman's confusion was encreased by the wonders that crowded upon him: he first made some attempts to apologize for his suspicions with awkwardness and hesitation; then doubting the truth of appearance, he broke off abruptly and remained silent; then approaching, he began to congratulate her upon her good fortune, and again desisted before he had finished the compliment.

Melissa perceived his perplexity, and guessed the cause; she was, therefore, about to account more particularly for the sudden change of her circumstances, but Miss, whose maid had brought her intelligence from the servants, that the lady's name who was with her papa was Melissa, and that she was lately come to a great estate by the death of an uncle, could no longer restrain the impatience of her affection and joy; she rushed into the room and fell upon her neck, with a transport that
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can only be felt by friendship, and expressed by tears. When this tender silence was over, the scruples of doubt were soon obviated; the reconciliation was reciprocal and sincere; the father led out his guest, and presented her to his son with an apology for his conduct to them both.

Melissa had bespoke a dinner and beds at the inn, but she was not suffered to return. Within a few weeks she became the daughter of her friend, who gave her hand to his son, with whom she shared many years that happiness which is the reward of virtue. They had several children, but none survived them; and Melissa, upon the death of her husband, which happened about seven years ago, retired wholly from town to her estate in the country, where she lived beloved, and died in peace.



ME MENTO

MEMENTO TO TRAVELLERS.

IT was an observation of Bishop Corbet, that
All Travellers this heavy Judgment hear !
An handsome hostess makes a Reckoning dear ;
Each Word, each Look, your Purses must re-
quite 'em, •
And every Welcome adds another ITEM.

In confirmation of this remark of the good bishop's, I send you an account of what happened to me on one of the excursions into the country, which I generally take at this season of the year.

Having taken a pretty extensive turn in the morning, and my horse and myself being both of a mind with respect to baiting, I suffered him to turn in with me to the first Inn I came to, which happened to be the Castle, where I was met at the door by a young lady, whom, by her dress, I should have conceived to be some guest of fashion, if she had not, upon my alighting, most politely made me an apology, that all her rooms were taken up, and desired me to walk into the little parlour behind the bar. This civility of her's, together with a look that would have unloosed the purse-strings of any old city churl, at once removed all my prudent economical resolutions of

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eating just a snap of cold meat, and away : of my own accord, I most generously ordered a chicken to be put down ; but my landlady dropping an hint that she herself had not dined, I could not resist the temptation of desiring the pleasure of her company to eat with me, which she readily accepted ; and, on her observing that the chickens were very small and nice, and to be sure I must be hungry after my ride, I consented to have a couple of them done.

She then asked me in a most bewitching manner, if I chose to drink any thing ; but, though I declared that I never touched a drop of any liquor before meals, yet she enticed me to toss up a glass of cherry to get me an appetite, which, before she had concluded I could not want, and she had even the complaisance to pledge me.

When dinner was served up, I was surprised to see a dish of eels brought in ; and, on my saying, that I fancied the cook had made a mistake, she most civilly begged ten thousand pardons, and said she thought I had ordered them ; but added, that indeed she did not doubt but I should like them, and for her own part, she was excessively fond of them.

As that was the case, I could by no means consent

sent to their being taken away ; and, after we had done with the fish and chicken, a dish of tarts spontaneously made its appearance, without waiting for the word of command.

My kind landlady made me taste this, and insisted upon helping me to another, which she assured me was most excellent, till she had either forced upon me, or taken to herself a bit out of each sort.

I should have told you, that, during dinner, besides the usual concomitants of a tankard of each, I was prevailed on to hob and nob with her in a variety of old beer, cyder, rhenish, mountain, lisbon, &c. and, to crown all, my landlady would even rise from table herself to make me a cup, at which she declared she had a most excellent hand.

When the cloth was removed, I could not but ask her, what she chose to drink ; to which she modestly answered, whatever I liked, at the same time hinting to me, that nobody had better French wines than she had.

However, I thought proper to disregard all her hints of that kind, and ordered a simple bottle of port.

When this was brought, I asked if I should help her; she told me she never touched that sort of wine; so that I could not but call for a pint of Lisbon which she liked better.

She would fain, indeed, have prevailed on me afterwards to suffer her to produce a bottle of claret, of which, she said, she could drink a glass or two herself; but, finding me inflexible on that head, she compounded the matter with me, on bringing me over to consent to our having a flask of Florence, the best that ever was tasted. I need not tell you, gentlemen, the agreeable chat, or the pleasing familiarities, that passed between us, till it was time for me to mount my horse; but I could not even then get away, without doing her the pleasure first to drink a dish of tea with her, to which a pot of coffee was also added, though I did not touch a drop. In short gentlemen, her behaviour was so engaging, her looks so inviting and her artifices so inveighing, that I quite forgot how dear I was to pay for my entertainment, till the dreadful reckoning was called for, which convinced me of the justness of Bishop Corbet's remarks before quoted. Indeed as I had ordered a superfluity of victuals that I could not eat, and of liquors that I could not drink, and all for the sake of my hostess's sweet company, I
think

think that the bill, instead of the usual articles of bread and beer,—chickens—and wine, &c. might have been made out thus:

	£.	s.	d.
For a low courtesy,	0	1	0
Item, a smile,	0	1	6
Item, an ogle,	0	2	6
Item, a squeeze by the hand,	0	4	0
Item, a tap of the cheek,	0	5	6
Item, a kiss,	0	10	6
Kindly welcome, Sir, to Betty or the waiter,	0	1	0
Horse,	0	1	0
Sum total,	£.	1	7 0

Just a moidore! a tolerable sum for an occasional baiting on the road!

For my part, I am determined, for the future, never to set my foot in an Inn, where the landlady is not as old and as ugly as mother Shipton.

ON MUSIC.

HAIL power divine! whose persuasive charms
 Awake the soul to harmony and love;
 Whilst on the wings of agile thought it soars
 To its Almighty Source, who sits enthron'd
 Immensely distant from this mortal bourn,
 Tho' felt by all, acknowledg'd, and ador'd,
 Whence pleasure, free from base infection, flows,
 To feed with hope the immortal part of man,
 And ease the obtruding woes of ling'ring age!
 Music has charms to sooth the brow of care,
 Absorb the cause, and dissipate the gloom:
 Festive mirth resumes her wonted seat,
 Revels at large and smiles without controul;
 It turns the savage breast from direful deeds
 To those more pure, as swell the mystick notes,
 And lull to sleep those impious passions
 Which so demoniac prove against mankind!
 If thus the jarring sounds below can do,
 What then must heavenly cadence prove?
 Where Seraphims, in shining order rang'd,
 Ten thousand trumpets, high exalted, blow,
 Joined by the musick of the cherub band,
 Who mingle voice with their melodious harps,
 Making the grand empyreal dome resound
 With peerless symphony of harmonious sound,

While

While Angels low in adoration bend,
 To offer up their pure and hallow'd song
 Before the throne of their tremendous GOD!
 Origin of bliss, and power infinite!
 Oh! plenitude divine; exub'rant state!
 May we prepare, with one accordant voice,
 The solemn pomp and faintly host to meet,
 To live in boundless and immortal joy,
 When worlds dissolve, and time shall be no more!

T H E

FOLLOWING REMARKABLE ANECDOTE,

Of the Celebrated Voltaire,

As Related by One who was intimately acquainted
 with Him.

EVERY one who visited Ferney during the life-time of that great genius, knows that he had a curious hanging writing-desk within the curtains of his bed, with two candles constantly burning, and all the apparatus for writing, and containing such papers as he had occasion to refer to. This desk was constructed in such a manner, that he could let it up and down as he pleased, so that when he did not want to use it, by drawing it up, no light appeared upon his pillow to interrupt his repose.

repose. One night, by some accident, as it is supposed, one of the candles fell out of its socket, and set fire to the papers upon the desk; the curtains were presently in a blaze, and Voltaire narrowly escaped with his life. He was, as naturally may be supposed greatly terrified; but the shock of this conflagration was nothing, compared to the anxiety he felt, when he found some of his most valuable manuscripts were destroyed. It is said that amongst others there was an Epic poem, which he had been polishing for some years, and which he had nearly finished.

Whether his death might not be hastened by this accident I will not pretend to determine: but he took this loss so greatly to heart, that it was the last thing he mentioned to me upon taking leave—
 “ Ah! Mon cher Monsieur, (said he with a deep sigh, and tears standing in his eyes) quelle perte! quelle perte!—jamais a retablir!”



ANECDOTE

OF

COLLEY CIBBER.

CIBBER being at court (when poet Laureat) a few days before the birth-day, Colonel B— (who had a pension upon the Irish establishment) farcassically asked Colley what his ode would turn upon, as the year had been very barren of subjects for poetical flights? “Why, Colonel,” replied Cibber, “I have a number of court locusts in my eye, who are always very plentiful, and I hope in such a dearth of other objects, to give them a flight even beyond Parnassus.”

SINCERITY.

IN spite of all the eulogiums on sincerity, it is very certain that a strict adherence to it upon all occasions would be attended with consequences extremely disagreeable.

What feuds and animosities would be kindled in private families if the individuals of which they are composed were to speak, without the least re-

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straint,

straint, what they think of each other; were they, in one word, to be sincere. By sincerity the people of all public societies would be considerably disturbed, and even the harmony of the drawing-room itself converted into discord. Let the moralists and divines rail at dissimulation as long as they please, we should be brutes without it, and run the risque of having our bones broken whenever we opened our lips. Can sincerity contribute to the happiness of human life? by no means. The weakness of human nature give daily and forcible proofs of its inefficacy: in compliance with those weaknesses men, if they would live with tolerable comfort in the world, must keep their real characters concealed behind the curtain of dissimulation. There are, it must be confessed, particular conjunctures, in which we may presume to disclose our thoughts without throwing the person we speak to into a passion, but it surely requires the greatest delicacy and address to articulate a home truth without giving offence or receiving an affront.

A

Remarkable Anecdote

CONCERNING LORD WILLIAM HOWARD,

Commonly known by the name of Bald Willy,

In the Reign of Queen Elizabeth.

IT is said that Lord William was very studious, and wrote much; that once, when he was thus employed, a servant came to tell him a prisoner was just brought in, and desired to know what should be done with him. Lord William, vexed at being disturbed, answered peevishly, "Hang him." When he had finished his study he called & ordered the man to be brought before him for examination, but found that his commands had been too literally obeyed.—He was a very severe but useful man at this time. His dungeon (at Naworth castle, Cumberland) instills horror: it consists of four dark apartments, three below, and one above, up along stair-case, all well secured: in the uppermost is one ring, to which criminals were chained; and the marks of several others appear, which were, doubtless, employed in the same manner.

*An Honest Man's the noblest Work
of God.*

LET it be your fervent prayer, that the Gods may grant you an *honest mind*, and a *sound body*, was the sanguine admonition of a celebrated Pagan Philosopher, to an illustrious pupil in the days of old. And what better word of advice could flow from the mouth of an orthodox christian, though a dignified clergyman, or, indeed, one of our most learned and Right Reverend Fathers in God. It was the distinguished character of Job in the old testament, that *he was an upright man, and eschewed evil*. And in the new testament, the great Author of our religion himself has honoured Nathaniel with the glorious character of *one in whose mouth there is no guile, and whose conscience was void of offence towards God and towards man*. And to these give me leave to add Mr. Pope's laconic character of a virtuous person in the following distich, which deserves to be engraved in characters of gold, viz.

*A Wit's a feather, and a Chief's a rod:
An Honest Man's the noblest work of God.*

Man is composed of mind as well as body; and, doubtless, the former deserves at least as much regard

gard and cultivation as the latter. Did a man but believe, or imagine (what however is indisputably true) that his inclinations and understanding are as visible to all who are acquainted with him as his person is, he would take as much care to adorn his mind as he would his body. A gentleman would then be as much ashamed to give opprobrious language, as to appear in dirty linen; he would be as nice and accurate in the adjustment of his words, as of his wig; he would take the same pains at least, if not greater, to corrupt or conceal a weakness in his soul, as to amend or hide a deformity in his body; but so far are the generality of mankind from thinking after this manner, that it is reputed a more essential part of good breeding to know how to enter a room with an air, and to go out of it with a grace, than to be qualified to speak pertinently, and bear a rational share in the conversation of those whom he makes choice of for his familiar companions.

How is it possible to bear the insolence of Sir John Spruce, who, because he has money in his pocket and a fine laced coat upon his back, idly imagines himself, for those paltry motives, the universal object of esteem and admiration, says and does things every quarter of an hour, for which all the company (himself only excepted) are put to the blush,

blush, and perfectly ashamed. Can a man with patience see the airs he gives himself in speaking French, when every one knows he cannot utter ten words of common sense in his mother-tongue? Would not an Englishman be justly provoked to hear the same person cry up the softness, the elegance, the copiousness of that tittle-tattle language, and find fault with the roughness and barrenness of his own; when at the same time, he cannot without the aid and assistance of a spelling book write one true line in either? I wish likewise for my quiet I did not, so often as I do, meet with men who can talk for hours together on the good qualities of a favourite monkey, a hound, or a gelding; and yet ask them the most obvious question relative to their own actions, or the actions of any of their species, and they can make you no reply.

How much more satisfactory must it be to a man of a sound mind, and a healthy constitution who knows the value of time, and how to improve it, to live retired from the world, and perfectly free from all such noise and nonsense! A wise man (if we may credit Seneca) is never less alone than when alone; and the peasant, if a man of sense, and knows the value and charms of a solitary life, is a happier man than the richest monarch ever set upon a throne: health and peace of mind make
his

his little rural cot, tho' contemptible in the eye of the generality of mankind, not only a comfortable situation but in reality a perfect paradise.

NEGLECT OF RELIGION.

WHERE religion is neglected there can be no regular or steady practice of the duties of morality. The character will be often inconsistent; and virtue, placed on a basis too narrow to support it, will be always loose and tottering. For such is the propensity of our nature to vice, so numerous are the temptations to a relaxed and immoral conduct, that stronger restraints than those of mere reason, are necessary to be imposed on man.

The sense of right and wrong, the principle of honour, or the instinct of benevolence, are barriers too feeble to withstand the strength of passion. For the heart wounded by sore distress, or agitated by violent emotions, soon discovers, that virtue without religion is inadequate to the government of life. It is destitute of its proper guard—of its firmest support—of its chief encouragements. It will sink under the weight of misfortune, or will yield to the solicitations of guilt.

Humanity

Humanity seconded by piety, renders the spring from whence it flows of course more regular and constant. In short, withdraw religion, and you shake all the pillars of morality. In every heart you weaken the influence of virtue : and among the multitude, the bulk of mankind, you overthrow its power.

SOLITUDE.

O ! lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,
 Lost to the noble fallies of the soul !
 Who think it solitude to be alone.

From the general conduct mankind pursue, we should hardly believe that solitude is to a good and well-cultivated mind one of it's chief delights. Each member of the busy crowd seems eager to exclude thought, and dreads nothing more than retirement. If, after the business of the day, some leisure time is left for the noble contemplations of the mind, how is it often employed ? With grief have I beheld persons of improved understandings, instead of devoting such time to purposes worthy of immortal beings, sit down for hours at an insipid *card-table* !

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The man of pleasure—falsely so called—is equally concerned to guard against the intrusion of that unwelcome guest, reflection. The word solitude, conveys to his imagination the most dreadful ideas. He is firmly persuaded, that it must deprive him of all the enjoyments of life, and will transform him to a mere misanthrope. Fatal delusion! solitude will teach him that true felicity he is vainly endeavouring to obtain. When once sensible of those pleasures which are derived from Solitude, he will despise that vortex of dissipation wherein he wasted the prime of life, and wonder how a reasonable being could so long be blind to his true happiness.

I pity the man, who is a stranger to solitude and selfcontemplation; who cannot find within his own mind the most substantial pleasures! It is in vain that he endeavours to exclude thought by a continued series of diversions and folly.

There is a something in the mind of man, which sickens at the repetition of idle amusements; it is that spark of immortality, implanted in his nature by the Divine Author of our existence, which continually reminds us that the short-lived pleasures of this world are not the fit occupations of a soul that must exist when time shall cease.

It is this which directs the attention of man to pursuits consistent with his dignity.

In solitude, the mind insensibly soars beyond the narrow bounds of time and place; views the Deity in his proper character; forms the most exalted ideas of his attributes and perfection; and pays the grateful tribute of silent adoration. In solitude, the mind revolves the history of the world; considers the changes and revolutions of empires; sees, in imagination, those great men, whose names adorn the pages of history as the enlighteners of mankind; and, in contemplating their illustrious actions, feels a glorious emulation to tread in their steps. Solitude calms those passions that disturb the human breast, and gives us that peace which is so congenial to a virtuous mind. Nor is solitude attended with a melancholy gloom: though an enemy to excessive mirth, it stamps serenity and dignity on the countenance, and bestows inward peace to the mind.

It is evident, that solitude is fitted to our nature; there are examples of monarchs, and great men, who have quitted, with pleasure, crowns, exalted stations, for a convent or a cottage. In the ordinary course of life, we see those who have spent most of their time among the bustle of mankind, anxious to secure a quiet retreat. Thus,
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what the statesman, the man of business, and the man of pleasure avoided in the prime of life, as an evil; in the decline, they seek after as the only solid happiness on earth.

The man unacquainted with solitude, is in an unhappy situation: he cannot always be engaged in the business or pleasures of the world; times will occur, when he must necessarily be alone; sickness may overtake him, and he is then miserable indeed! His vacant mind can yield him no pleasure; and every reflection is a sting which gives the most acute pain: he sees the folly of his past conduct; and perhaps, for the first time, envies the man who is possessed of a well-formed mind.

Let us make an early acquaintance with solitude: it will enable us to pass through the changing scenes of life with peace and pleasure; thus, when sickness and age seize us, we may meet solitude, not as an enemy, but as a friend.



ANECDOTE

OF

FOOTE.

SOMETIME after Mr. Foote was married, Lady N. P. made some overtures to him, not knowing that he was then married. Sam, was an intimate and familiar companion of the late Sir F. B. D. Foote informed his friend of her Ladyship's disposition towards matrimony, and that he had hit upon a scheme whereby the Knight might make sure of her Ladyship and her fortune, which was said to be about ninety thousand pounds, in the funds, besides other possessions.

The project was concerted. Mr. Foote informed Lady N. P. that there was a very extraordinary man, a conjurer, in the Old Bailey, who foretold such events as were almost incredible, and could only be believed by their taking place; and that, if it was agreeable, he would wait upon her to him; for that, though he had no great faith in fortune-tellers, he had heard from several of his friends such very extraordinary occurrences predicted, and which had happened precisely as had been mentioned by the conjurer, that his incredulity

dulity was not a little staggered. Her Ladyship snapped at the bait; and the late facetious Jemmy Wordsdale was appointed to personate the conjurer, in a lodging within a few doors to the real magician. Jemmy, being acquainted with her ladyship's affairs, told her the most remarkable transactions, to her great astonishment. He then acquainted her ladyship, that there was an occurrence upon the point of taking place, which would be the most important of her whole life. Her ladyship being very inquisitive to know the particulars, he informed her, "That she was on the point of being married." "Indeed!" said she: "pray, Mr. Conjurer, to whom?" "I am not," he replied, "at liberty to acquaint you, at present, who is the person; but I can acquaint you when and where you will see him, and point out to you his dress." "Bless me! tell me, I beg of you." "On Thursday next you will be walking in the Park: you will there observe a tall, fair gentleman, remarkably handsome, dressed in blue and silver: he will bow to a person in your company, the first time he meets you: upon his return, he will join your party. It is irrevocably fixed by fate that man is to be your husband." Her ladyship asked no more questions, but resolved not to fail being in the Park the day the conjurer had mentioned.

D——,

D———, appeared dressed precisely as described; bowed, joined, and, in three days, was married to her ladyship.

T H E
NEGRO GIRL.

IN a fertile and lonely vale, situated on the coast of Devonshire, a humble cottage appeared in the midst of a grove of trees that surrounded it. This peaceful and romantic retirement was calculated to inspire that pleasing calm and soft tranquillity which those who mix in the gay and tumultuous scenes of the busy world never experience. The cottage was now in the possession of Mrs. Mansel, a lady whom, in the period of her past life, misfortune had marked for her own. She had been brought up under the roof of her parents, but the severe and tyrannical disposition of her father, rendered the existence of those who lived with him very unhappy: he had lost his only son while in his infancy, and this contributed in a great measure to sour a temper not naturally good. Her mother was a woman possessed of uncommon sense and understanding, and likewise of extraordinary piety: she was careful that her daughter should

should want none of the advantages a liberal education could bestow; and was at particular pains to instill into her mind those principles of religion which can alone afford true consolation under the heavy weight of misfortune: which can alone enable the mind to bear with fortitude the calamities incidental to all the human race; and which teach the woe-worn soul to submit with pious resignation to the will of Divine Providence. This excellent mother Mrs. Mansel lost when she was only sixteen, her father had never behaved tenderly to her, and she had now to sustain alone the whole of his unkind treatment.—She lived in this state for about two years; the greatest part of that period she spent in solitude. At the end of it she became acquainted with Captain Mansel; his disposition and character very much resembled her own, and his mild and amiable manners, before she was aware of it, made a deep impression on her gentle heart. He was an officer in the army; his good qualities had endeared him to all who were acquainted with him; and had raised him to the rank he then held, though only in his twenty-second year. His fortune was not splendid, but it was fully adequate to all his desires, and he was ever ready to relieve the wants of those who stood in need of his assistance. The charms of the lovely Mary had insensibly won his affections, and he formed an attachment

ment to her which death alone could dissolve. With her consent, he made proposals to her father, he very readily agreed to their marriage, for as he had never taken any pleasure in the company of his daughter, to deprive himself of it entirely cost him no sacrifice. As her mother had left her a moderate fortune, which she was to receive on her marriage, she was put in immediate possession of it; but from her father she received nothing but his good wishes for her welfare and happiness. Captain Mansel and his amiable partner lived for three years in as perfect a state of felicity, as this transitory life will admit of; during this period Mrs. Mansel had borne one daughter which was the only child they ever had. In her the mild virtues of both her parents shone conspicuously: with rapture they saw her infant graces daily expanding, and delighted themselves with the prospect of seeing this promising dawn of every virtue break forth into an unclouded day: but, alas! this bright vision of ideal bliss was about to be obscured for ever in darkness; and the fair fabric of years of happiness which they had been raising, was on the point of being for ever levelled with the dust.

Captain Mansel received orders to join his regiment which was stationed abroad, he had only

two days warning, and departed—never more to return. In three months after his departure, his wife received the melancholy news of his death;—he had fallen in the defence of his country. This was a most dreadful stroke to her, and it was on this trying occasion that she was under the necessity of exerting all her fortitude: the pangs of affliction may shake, but can never totally overpower the fortitude of a mind deeply impressed with the sublime truths of religion. Mrs. Mansel, though dreadfully distressed at this afflictive stroke of Providence, yet reflected that her infant daughter had now no other earthly protector than herself, as her father had died some time before, leaving her what fortune he possessed. She devoted her time to the education and instruction of her child; and no one was better qualified for such an undertaking; this lovely girl grew up the admiration and delight of all who knew her; but another misfortune was preparing for her mother, if possible, more bitter than that she had experienced in the death of her husband. This amiable and accomplished daughter, at the age of eighteen, fell into a consumption, and at the end of three months died. Thus deprived of her dearest blessings, Mrs. Mansel had no felicity to expect in this world except that which flows from benevolence and charity:—objects on whom to

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exercise

exercise these virtues are every where to be met with, and happy are those who have the means and the inclination of exercising them.

At this period it was that Mrs. Mansel purchased the cottage mentioned in the beginning of this story, where her time was chiefly spent alone, but when she went about doing good, and the blessings of him that was ready to perish came upon her, when she caused the widows and the orphans hearts to sing with joy, and found the greatest solace to her own misfortunes in soothing and alleviating the miseries of others. Thus she spent her days in the practice of every virtue, and though she sometimes looked back with an eye of fond regret to the memory of joys that were past, yet she often ventured in humble and pious hope, to look forward with the eye of unshaken faith to a better world, beyond the grave, where friends shall part to meet no more. This bright prospect was her chief support, and with such a prospect the soul can never entirely sink under the heavy pressure of affliction. She every day walked out to seek for objects of compassion and benevolence, and seldom returned without having relieved some miserable being. As she was one morning taking her usual walk, she heard the moans of some person in distress: she had only
to

to hear the voice of distress, immediately to seek and find if possible the means of relieving it; she went accordingly towards the place from whence she fancied these mournful sounds proceeded, and saw indeed an object, who seemed, if ever one did, to stand in need of relief and assistance.

That object was a negro girl, who was sitting by the road side in the greatest misery. Her tattered garments but ill concealed her wasted form, and her whole appearance bespoke "variety of wretchedness." This was a sight which must have moved the heart of the most obdurate; but what was it then to the feeling one of Mrs. Mansel, ever alive to the distresses of her fellow creatures? She hastened towards the poor girl—as she approached her she raised her eyes, but immediately, on perceiving Mrs. Mansel, cast them down again with a look of terror and aversion.

She advanced nearer, however, and took hold of her hand. "Unhappy creature," said she to her in a tone of kindness, "tell me, I entreat you, why I see you in this miserable condition, and why you are so terrified at me?" The girl shrunk from her touch, and replied, "How can I look on a white christian but with fear? Torn by wicked white people from my father, my mother, and my own country, and put into a great ship from

christian country, with chains about me, that they might bring me to this bad place, to make me a wretched slave. Cruel white man, when poor negro have work for him all day in hot sun, till he almost die, at night beat and whip him : oh christian whites not good people.” Mrs. Mansel said to her, “ I am sorry that so many of my people, who say they are christians, should be cruel and unfeeling; but white people are not all bad, there are some of them, many of them, who will give bread to poor negroes when they are hungry, who will give them clothes when they are naked, who will instruct them when they are ignorant, who will do all these for every body that is poor; these only are *christians* among white people, and though such as do none of these things may call themselves christians, yet it is only in name they are so; if you will go with me, I will take you to my house, where, indeed, I do not possess a great deal, but where I will, with all my heart, give you a share of the little I have, and my blessing along with it, come then with me and while I have wherewithal to assist you, you shall never want. The poor girl once more turned her eyes on Mrs. Mansel, no longer expressing alarm and aversion, but beaming with gratitude and delight. She clasped her hand in transport, “ ah, why did I say all white people bad? No, no, white christian is good, and
you

you must be christian, for you are good to a poor wretched negro, like me. I go with you, and though I must like go back to my own country, and see my father and my mother, yet if you wish it, I stay with you, I work for you, live for you, and, do you good, die for you." She now, with the help of Mrs. Mansel, arose, and they proceeded together towards her house. She seemed about eighteen years old, and her face, though black, was one of the most interesting ever beheld. Who would, who could have said, at sight of it, "that creature was not formed of the same blood as I am; her soul was not made of the same materials as mine?" Ah! proud mortal, who vainly boastest of the whiteness of thy skin, who vainly exultest in the *name* of christian, without possessing any of the spirit of christianity; at a future period, that soul, though concealed under a dark outside, was destined to understand and believe the sacred truths of the gospel; and though now clouded with the veil of ignorance and prejudice, to look forward in sublime hope to a blessed and glorious immortality.

With some difficulty Mrs. Mansel and her charge reached the cottage. The poor girl was nearly exhausted with weakness and fatigue, but with the help of some cordials from the kind hand of

of her benefactress, she gradually revived, and was able to give some account of the condition in which she had been found.

The ship she came over in had been wrecked near the coast, and she did not know whether a single being but herself had been saved. As it struck on a rock, she had, with great difficulty, clung to a part of it, from whence she was taken some hours afterwards, by those wretches who are ever upon the watch for such accidents. It was with the utmost difficulty that she prevailed on them to have compassion on her, and relieve her from her perilous situation; and, as soon as they reached the shore, they abandoned her. In that forlorn and helpless condition, she wandered about for three days, seeking a scanty pittance of clothes or food from door to door; these were scarce ever given, and when by her miserable appearance, she had obtained either of them, they were accompanied with an insult on the colour of her skin. Is it a matter of astonishment then, that this poor creature should look with terror and dread on white people, from whom she had received such repeated cruelties! but her sufferings were now at an end, as her kind and benevolent friend left her nothing to wish for, but she would sometimes cast a "lingering look behind" to her parents and her native country.

Mrs.

Mrs. Mansel found the most complete satisfaction she had ever experienced since the misfortune of her past life, in instructing and informing the mind of this young creature, who received with eager transports the lessons of her teacher, and she had the glorious hope of restoring, at the last day, into the hands of its creator, that most inestimable of all jewels, a human soul, as guiltless and innocent as when it was committed to her trust; but which, by her, under the blessing of heaven, had been purified from the dross which then concealed its value, and made to glow in all the unclouded lustre of the christian religion.

The gratitude of Mary (Mrs. Mansel had given her her own name) was unbounded, and her love for her friend daily lessened her wish to return home again. Mrs. Mansel often told her if she desired to return, that she would send her back free of every expence, but Mary could not prevail on herself to part from her kind protectress. She was improving every day, and her progress was astonishing; she read the bible, and believed all the sacred truths contained in it: she believed that there was a Saviour and trusted to him for salvation. Mrs. Mansel employed her on her errands of charity, which were very numerous, and the heart of Mary was never so transported as it
was

was when she was sent to soothe the cares and relieve the distresses of the dependents on Mrs. Mansel's bounty. Three years passed in this manner, during which Mary improved in every virtue, and was quite happy in her condition, but Mrs. Mansel was once more destined to be left a solitary being in her little cottage. Those eyes, which had so often expressed the effusions of a grateful heart, were about to be closed in death; that tongue which she had taught to speak the praises of its maker, was soon to be silent in the tomb, and the hands which had learnt from her to raise themselves in humble supplication at the throne of grace, were, ere long, to become "clods of the valley."

Poor Mary was seized with the small pox; they were of the worst kind, and spite of all the tender care and attention of her friend, and the best assistance that could be procured, she was, in a few days, pronounced past recovery. When she found her end approaching, she took hold of the hand of Mrs. Mansel, who never left her bedside, and thus addressed her:

"My much loved, my adored benefactress, had it pleased heaven to have granted me a long life, I could not have had sufficient time, in the whole of it, to express the gratitude which I owe to thee
for

for the inestimable blessings which I have received through your means. From thee I learnt that I possessed an immortal soul, a soul capable of being exalted to eternal bliss, or sunk to everlasting misery: it was thou who did'st point out to me the road to that bliss, and the means of attaining to it. It was thy kind care which first caused the dawn of a christian day to arise on my gloomy and benighted soul. It grieves my heart to leave thee, my beloved friend; but we do not, I trust, part never to meet again. There is a day, when, as I have been taught, every human being shall arise out of their graves: then those who have fed the hungry, who have clothed the naked, who have visited the sick, who have instructed the ignorant, shall be made partakers of eternal felicity. Thou, my adored benefactress, hast done all these, done them to me, whom thou didst find, a poor, starving, naked, dying, ignorant wretch, and, Oh! may everlasting blessings be thy reward."

Saying these words, Mary closed her eyes, and, in a few minutes, her soul departed from its earthly mansion. "Farewel, thou pure and innocent spirit," said Mrs. Mansel, laying down the hand which till the last moment had clasped her's: thou will now, I trust, enjoy the reward of thy virtuous and spotless life." Thus ended the days of Mary.

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Ah!

Ah! mortals, if ye could conceive for a moment the raptures which would glow in your bosoms at beholding a soul, which by your kind care and benevolence, had been instructed in the christian religion, take its departure for a better world: if you could form an idea of the praises which you would receive beyond the grave, how would you exult in being the instrument of a work so divine! Such was the exalted felicity of Mrs. Mansel. She regretted, it is true, the loss of her amiable companion, but her consolation was not derived from this world. She spent the remainder of her days as she had spent her whole life, in performing every christian duty; and when she died, the tears of love, regret, and gratitude bedewed her grave.

ANECDOTE.

DURING the late siege of Gibraltar, in the absence of the fleet, and when an attack was daily expected, one dark night, a centry, whose post was near the Devil's Tower, and facing the Spanish lines, was standing at the end of his walk, whistling, looking towards them, his head filled with nothing but fire and sword, miners, breaching, storming and bloodshed! By the side of his
box

box stood a deep narrow-necked earthen jug, in which was the remainder of his supper, consisting of boiled peas : a large monkey (of which there are plenty at the top of the rock) encouraged by the man's silence, and allured by the smell of the peas, ventured to the jug, and endeavouring to get at its contents, thrust his head so far into the neck as to be unable to withdraw it : at this instant the soldier turned round, and came whistling towards his box, the monkey, unable to get clear of it, started up to run off with the jug, sticking on his head ; this terrible apparition no sooner saluted the eyes of the centry, than his frantic imagination converted poor pug into a fine, blood-thirsty, Spanish granadier, with a most tremendous high cap on his head, full of this dreadful idea, he instantly fired his piece, roaring out that the enemy had scaled the walls. The guard took the alarm, the drums were beat, signal guns fired, and in less than ten minutes the governor and his whole garrison were under arms. The supposed granadier, being very much incommoded by his cap, and almost blinded by the peas, was soon overtaken and seized, and by his capture, the tranquillity of the garrison was restored, without that slaughter and bloodshed, which every man had prognosticated in the beginning of the direful alarm.

T H E
WAYS to raise a FORTUNE;

OR THE
Art of growing Rich.

LET a man be ever so skilful in merchandize, or anxious in trade, he must never expect to acquire riches, if he be not *thrift*, *diligent*, and *methodical*. And *thrift*, *diligence*, and *method* in *business*, seldom fail to raise a man's fortune in every condition of life.

Should I take upon me to record those individuals that have grown rich by thriftiness only, within the memory of a man, and the compass of our acquaintance, it would be more than my professed brevity could allow. Every reader, no doubt, can furnish himself with an example of a carpenter, a shoemaker, a taylor, and other inferior tradesmen, who by *thrift* have gained the reputation of rich men. And I am persuaded, that there are very few, who, if they please to recollect their past lives, will not find, that had they laid up all those little sums they have spent in coach hire, plays, ridottoes, and at the tavern, or other places of chargeable resort, they would have found themselves

selves at present, masters of a competent fortune, rather than in need of an act of insolvency.

Diligence is always a necessary and natural companion of *thrift*, and therefore the Italians, who are very happy in their *proverbial* conciseness, recommends them *both* to common use, in the following lines.

Never do that by proxy, which you can do yourself,

Never defer that 'till to-morrow, which you can do to-day.

Never neglect small matters and expences.

And that *method of business* is another great means of obtaining riches, even by men of the meanest capacities, there can be no doubt, when we often see men of dull and phlegmatic tempers, amassing great treasures by a regular and orderly disposition of their business, and men of the greatest parts and most lively imaginations puzzling their affairs and declining in their substance for want of method.

—I must therefore be of that great statesman's (De Wit) opinion, who attributed the whole art of dispatching a multitude of affairs well, to the doing *one thing at once*. If, says he, I have any
necessary

necessary dispatches to make, I think of nothing else till those are finished; if any domestic affairs require my attention, I give myself wholly up to them, till they are set in order.

Has not providence therefore, so ordered it, that every man of good common sense, may, if he pleases, in his particular station of life, most certainly be rich? And the reason why men of the greatest learning and accomplishments are not so, is not to be ascribed to an over-ruling fate; but either to their preferring something else to wealth; or to their not being content to get an estate, unless they can do it in their own way, and at the same time consume it upon their vices, and unnecessary gratifications of unbounded appetites.

However these are only the ordinary forms of growing rich, which may be practised by all persons with success. But there are other methods found out by hungry and ingenious men. It is an old and true proverb, that *necessity is the mother of invention*. Thus we read of a famous *Italian* comedian *Scaramouche*, who, being reduced to want at *Paris*, got a very considerable subsistence by selling snuff, which he acquired by fashionably begging a pinch out of every one's snuff box. And we are all witnesses, that several fortunate men,

men, who could not live on their large paternal estates, draw a great deal of money from the public by their inventions, and will remain everlasting monuments, that there is room for genius as well in getting riches, as in all other circumstances of life. But even in this light there must be *thrift* and *diligence* to acquire and preserve what every one seeks and *obtains*.

But to pass over the men that live by their wits, we ought to prefer trade as the most natural and likely method of making a man's fortune, for we all know that there are more and greater estates got on the *Exchange*, than at court. And I believe the number would still much increase, were it not for the misconduct of those traders, who by their vicious lives, neglect of business, prodigality, or incapacity for trade, frustrate the happy means, which a kind providence has put into their power to make them rich.

Therefore to make use of the words of an eminent citizen, published lately in one of our newspapers.

When I see a young fellow just set up in trade, with his footman, his brace of geldings, his country house and his mistress, or taking a tour round the town, in order to come more secretly into the neighbourhood -

neighbourhood of *Covent-Garden*, a constant attendant on play-houses, and a critic on plays and players, a beau in his dress, and a blockhead in his intellects, loitering away the day in coffee-houses, and the evening in *St. James's-Street* or in taverns; I may be allowed to conclude that his mind is run away from his business, and, in return, that his trade is playing truant with him. Those who so conduct themselves are surely much to blame; but perhaps not more than the incautious merchant who trusts them. Next to this, tho' not equally criminal, is the vanity of trading deep, before their heads are well settled for trading at all. A man in this case may attend to his business with all imaginable care and anxiety; yet ruin himself, and injure all concerned with him. This wrong turn of mind springs from an idle desire of growing rich in a hurry (for I will not presume a worse motive for its source) imagining, I suppose, that all happiness centers in wealth; and such men will hardly believe, that it is better to be rich at fifty years of age than at thirty. The notion of growing rich in haste, has thrown trade under most of the inconveniences wherewith it now labours, by creating a kind of random credit, under-selling, ill finished commodities, &c. But this is one of the phantoms that flies the over-arduous pursuer, and makes him embrace a cloud for

for *Juno*. Our most experienced traders rarely grow rich on a sudden. They generally find much wealth, fairly acquired, and old age come together; which they who have more spirit, and less judgment, commonly attain to in rags and beggary.

ANECDOTES

OF THE

BULLEN FAMILY.

SIR William Bullen of Norfolk, son and heir of Sir Geoffrey Bullen, lord mayor of London, and Ann, eldest daughter and coheirefs to Thomas, lord Hoo and Hastings, marrying Margaret, eldest daughter and coheirefs of the Ormond family, New-hall, in Essex, came to him in right of this amiable lady, the lively picture of her mother. His son and heir, Thomas Bullen, succeeded to this lordship; he married lady Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Howard, duke of Norfolk. His daughter Ann was bred and born at New-hall; with an early desire of knowledge—a mind susceptible of all improvements in polite literature, and an exquisite taste for the fine arts

—she had a most elegant figure, the most endearing and graceful manners, and a charming vivacity. She received an education adapted to her genius and disposition, and before she attained the fourteenth year of her age, she spoke fluently French, Latin and Italian, and understood Greek—was well versed in history—became a great proficient in music and painting, and danced to admiration. The court of Francis I. who had transplanted the arts from Italy, was then in the dawn of splendor, politeness and gallantry. Ann Bullen had accompanied her father there in the retinue of the princess Mary of England. After the death of that monarch, Ann Bullen was prevailed on, by the duchess of Alencon, the king's sister, to remain in France on the footing of her *Dametatour* and companion. She imbibed from that princess the new opinions of Luther, and having declined at the French court several honourable matches, she returned to England, at her father's earnest desire, in the year 1527. She spent all the summer at New-Hall, and the next winter she made her appearance at court, envied, censured, and imitated by all the young ladies of taste and fashion. As she was the daughter of a gentleman of distinction, though not of the nobility, she was appointed maid of honour to the queen; her beauty surpassed what had hitherto appeared at this voluptuous

tuous court; her features were regular, mild, and attractive; her stature elegant, though below the middle size, while her wit and vivacity even exceeded the allurements of her person. The king, who never restrained one passion which he desired to gratify, saw and loved her; but after several efforts to induce her to comply with his criminal passion he found that without marriage he could have no hope of succeeding. The king was faithless, and the queen disagreeable, and this was the real motive of his divorce.—The queen made Havering, in Essex, her summer residence, in the year 1620. There she gave a royal banquet to Messieurs de Montmorency, de Monpesac, de Moy, and de Morat, the four French hostages for the restitution of Tournay, in case the conditions stipulated should not be performed. The King treated both them and the Queen, with his Sister Mary, Queen Dowager of France, then comfort to the Duke of Suffolk, at his manor of Newhall, which he had lately got by exchange from Sir Thomas Bullen: after a sumptuous repast, he entertained them with a grotesque masquerade, exhibited by the Duke of Suffolk, the Marquis of Dorset, the Earl of Essex, the Lord Abergavenny, Sir Richard Weston, & Sir William Kingston, the youngest of whom was at least fifty years of age, that the ladies might see what power beauty had

to make old men young again. He kept the feast of St. George there with great solemnity, in 1524.

In the year 1529, Henry went privately to New-hall in autumn, and sent for Sir Thomas Bullen, to whom he declared his passion for his daughter, and his fixed resolution to marry her; pretending that his conscience rebuked him, for having so long lived in incest with his present queen, formerly his brother's wife. Sir Thomas replied to the King, "I wish this match may prove as happy as it will be honourable to my family."

Ann Bullen came afterwards to New-hall to meet her father; Henry no longer appeared in the character of the intended seducer of her innocence, but as the admirer and protector of her virtue. She was conspicuous for her elegance and precision in the epistolary stile. In a letter dated at New-hall the 26th of December, of the same year after her father had been created earl of Wiltshire and Ormond, and appointed lord privy seal, she wrote the following lines:

"If your grace exults in the conquest of modesty and virtue, it is not the monarch, but the man I love and honour. Though born in a private station, and raised far beyond my aspiring thoughts and my desert, within the dazzling prospect

pest of a crown, I should be wretched in the summit of honours, was your affection for me ever to change or diminish. I hope you will find always the woman you chuse for your consort act and think like a queen. New-hall has lost all its charms since you left it.

Yours for ever,

Ann Bullen."

She was created marchioness of Pembroke, and accompanied the king in his interview with Francis I. at Boulogne. Henry was privately married to her after his return, two months before his marriage with Catherine was dissolved, and though her prudence and her virtue demanded esteem in the former parts of her conduct, yet she forgot at New-hall the ties of each, and gave a loose to her triumph. She enjoyed little more than three years her glory and prosperity, during which she frequently visited New-hall, most commonly with the king.

The queen gave there a magnificent feast and a splendid ball, after the birth of her daughter Elizabeth; and her deportment on this occasion was too frank and too unguarded to screen her from the imputation of levity and indiscretion. Henry began to be cloyed with possession, after she was delivered of a dead male child, to the unspeakable disappointment

disappointment of the king ; indeed, the only desire he ever had for her, was that brutal appetite which enjoyment soon destroys.

He was about this time captivated by the beauty of Jane Seymour, a maid of honour to the queen. When the queen's enemies perceived the king's disgust, they soon gave him an opportunity to gratify his inclinations, by accusing her of sundry intrigues with her domestics, and incest with lord Rochfort, her own brother. She, who had been once the envied object of royal favour, was now going to give a new instance of the capriciousness of fortune! She had distributed in the last year of her life not less than fifteen thousand pounds among the poor, and was at once their protector and darling. She was beheaded on the 19th of May, behaving with the utmost decency and resolution, and seemed to be guilty of no other crime but that of having survived the king's affections, and by chearful disposition disgusting the gloomy tyrant.—The very day after her execution, he married Jane Seymour.

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Mistress and a Wife compared.

AS I have a just honour for the truly rational and virtuous state of matrimony, which to consider it merely as a political institution, I look upon as the best scheme for morals, posterity, and mutual happiness, that could be possibly contrived; I shall in this paper, by way of comparison between a married and a libertine life, shew the advantages that a mistress has over a wife: not, however, with the least design of giving the preference to the former, but by way of assisting the latter to frame certain rules for her own safe conduct, through this state of trial and probation.

Men have been often said to be more fond, and more under the influence of mistresses, than of wives; in general, I believe this observation is true, and for the following reasons.

Men are apt to flatter themselves that women seldom sacrifice their chastity, except to love alone, and so become the fond dupes of their too credulous vanity.

The lover's stay is short, he leaves his mistress with a regret which urges a quick return. Their whole time is passed in meeting and parting intervals,

vals, the tenderest moments of a lover's life. She fond, and he grateful, mutually conferring and returning obligations, the strongest cements of endearing affections. No joint property, or common interest between them, from whence domestic strife too often arises. The part a mistress has to act, is short; so that less merit and address may enable her to perform with applause.

The mistress exhibits herself only to the stage, the wife is seen in the green room. She adjusts her dress, looks, and behaviour, for the appointed hour. A watch may go very well for an evening, that might lose time in the whole day. A mistress lessens her power, as she approaches to a wife. A person once told me that he had quitted one, whom he was then fond of, because she had become so interfering and domineering, that he began to find no difference between her and a wife, *except the sin of fornication.*

In short, the œconomy of matrimony, on the wife's part, should be to imitate the manners of a mistress, in order to preserve her empire. A friend of mine, speaking to me one day about his wife, assured me that she was so much unlike one, in every particular, save modesty and frugality, that if a law should happen to be framed to abolish marriage, he would court her again as a mistress.

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On the other hand, husbands should be also careful to keep up a spirit of gallantry towards their wives, in order to preserve, on both sides, those elegant bands of union, politeness, and fond sensations. They should avoid that careless and slovenly air, into which men are apt to degenerate after marriage. They should even dress for them with as much attention, as when they were lovers; for chastity is no preservative against disgust; and though virtue alone may insure the fidelity of a wife, the husband's merits alone can retain her affections. How dull, how indelicate an obligation is mere duty?—But when duty and affection are united, the marriage-knot, like the double ties in music, gives a brisker spirit to the concert.

The ancient Romans had such refined sentiments with regard to this point, that they prohibited the donations of estates between man and wife, in order to prevent their being influenced by less free or generous principles than mutual tenderness and the sympathy of hearts.

Surely a wife is an object worthy of *les petits soins*, the most trifling attentions, as well as of the greater conjugal duties, and it is by these lesser assiduities, and constant attentions, and small offices, tho' unimportant in themselves, that a sincere passion discovers itself, more than by the
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highest acts of liberality and kindness: for love, distinct from every other passion, shews itself more in trifles, than in things of consequence.

When ever a married pair begin to betray an indifference towards these smaller cares, we may venture to pronounce that their attachment will not be of a long duration: this delicate sentiment, like chastity, is totally forfeited by the first slip: injured in the most distant part, like Achilles, wounded in the heel, it languishes—it expires.

The social commerce of friendship far excels all other sublunary connections, the conjugal one only excepted: which like the union of soul and body, is a mutual solace, an interchangeable support in this life; and like that mystic context, also, a just deportment therein affords, moreover the surest earnest, and most enlivening hope of happiness hereafter.

ANECDOTE

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Tom King the Comedian.

SOME time since, Tom King (the comedian), one of Thalia's greatest favourites, but whose cause the blind Goddess had never till now espoused

espoused, meeting with a certain sporting gentleman under the piazza in Covent-garden, they retired to an adjacent tavern, to take a main at hazard for five guineas. Tom soon lost his first stake, and with much resignation, eat his supper and drank his bottle. His adversary, however, after supper, proposed to him a second main, which Tom at first refused engaging in, saying, He had not, he believed, money enough about him to answer the bet; but this was over-ruled, by his adversary. His word was sufficient for a hundred times the sum. They renewed the party, and, in a few hours, Tom won two thousand four hundred guineas. Tom's wife, who, by the bye, was a very good one, had sat up all night, as usual, after having sent every where in search of him, without being able to gain any tidings. When he returned from his lucky vigil, her enquiries were naturally very pressing to know where he had been, and what had kept him out so long; to all which he made no answer, but by very peremptorily saying, 'Bring me a bible!'—“A bible!” she re-echoed with some ejaculation; “I hope you have not poisoned yourself?” ‘Bring me a bible,’ continued Tom. “I suppose you've lost some great sum; but never mind, we can work for more.”—‘Bring me a bible, I say,’ still uttered the impatient Tom. “Good

Lord! what can be the matter?" says Mrs. King; "I don't believe there's such a thing in the house, without it be in the maid's room." Thither she went, and found part of one without a cover, when, having brought it to Tom, he fell upon his knees, and made a most fervent oath never to touch a die or card again; and she all the while endeavoured to alleviate his grief, of which she considered this as the effusion, owing to some considerable loss. When he had finished and rose up, he flung fourteen hundred pounds in bank notes upon the table, saying, 'There, my dear, there's fourteen hundred pounds I've won to night, and I shall receive a thousand more by to-morrow noon; and I'll be d——d if I ever risk a guinea of it again.'

THE VIRTUOSO,

OR,

FILIAL TENDERNESS.

DR. Coral was educated in the study of physic, and took his degree in that science; but having a greater passion for what is curious, than for what is useful, he degenerated from a physician into a virtuoso. The country, in which he settled,

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soon observed that the Doctor was more disposed to examine the veins of the earth, than to feel the pulse of a patient: His practice of course declined; but he was happily enabled to live without the aid of his profession, by the affluent fortune of his wife. She was a lady of a mild and engaging character, but of a delicate constitution, and, dying in child bed, left him an only daughter, whom he called Theodora. The Doctor was by no means a man of warm passions, and never entertained an idea of marrying again; though a female sibilist once endeavoured to work upon his foible, and to entice him into second nuptials, by an artful hint, that an union of their two cabinets would enhance the value of both. Indeed, he had little or no occasion for conjugal assistance; for, being himself a most active spirit he not only discharged those common offices of life, which belong to the master of a family but, was able and willing to direct or execute all the minuter domestic business, which is generally considered within the female department. His activity, though, from the want of an enlarged understanding, it wasted itself on trifles, supported the cheerfulness of his temper. He was, indeed, frequently officious, but always benevolent. Though he had ceased to practise physic at the summons of the wealthy, he was eager, at all times, to afford every kind of relief to
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the sufferings of the poor. He was gentle and indulgent to his servants, and as fond of his little daughter as a virtuoso can be of any living and ordinary production of nature. Theodora discovered, in her childhood, a very intelligent spirit, with peculiar sweetness of temper. As she grew up, she displayed a striking talent for the pencil, and particularly endeared herself to her father, by surprising him with a very accurate and spirited delineation of three of the most precious articles in his cabinet; a compliment which so warmed the heart of the delighted old naturalist, that he declared he would give her five thousand pounds on the day of her marriage. No one doubted his ability to fulfil such a promise; for though he had squandered considerable sums on many useless baubles, he was, in all common articles of expence, so excellent a manager, that, instead of injuring, he had increased his fortune; and from this circumstance he was generally believed to be much richer than he really was. Theodora had now reached the age of nineteen, and, though not a beauty, she had an elegant person, and a countenance peculiarly expressive of sensible good-nature. Her heart was so very affectionate, that it not only led her to love her father most tenderly, but even to look upon his whimsical hobby-horse with a partial veneration. This singularity of sentiment

timent contributed very much to their mutual happiness and rendered our gentle and ingenious damsel not so eager to escape from the custody of a fanciful old father, as young ladies of fashion very frequently appear: Yet, happy as she was, Theodora admitted the visits of a lover, who had the address to ingratiate himself with Dr. Coral. This lover was a Mr. Blandford, a young man of acute understanding and polished manners, settled in London as a banker, and supposed to be wealthy. He had been introduced to Miss Coral at an assembly, and soon afterwards solicited the honour of her hand for life.

The doctor, who was remarkably frank in all pecuniary affairs, very candidly told the young gentleman, what he intended for his daughter, declaring, at the same time, that he left her entirely at her own disposal; but, either from the favourable opinion he entertained himself of Mr. Blandford, or perhaps from some expressions of approbation which had fallen from his daughter, the doctor was very firm in his belief, that the match would take place; and, being alert in all his transactions, he actually prepared his five thousand pounds for the bridegroom, before there was any immediate prospect of a wedding. Theodora was certainly prejudiced in favour of Mr. Blandford

Theodora

Blandford; yet, whether she really felt a reluctance to forsake her indulgent father, or whether she considered it as dangerous to accept a husband on so short an acquaintance, she had hitherto given no other answer to his addresses, but that she thought herself too young to marry.

Blandford considered this reply as nothing more than a modest preliminary to a full surrender of her person, and continued his siege with increasing assiduity. In this very critical state of affairs, Dr. Coral was summoned to a distance by a letter from a friend, who announced to him the death of a brother virtuoso, with a hint that the Doctor might enrich himself by the purchase of a very choice collection of the most valuable rarities, which, if he was quick enough in his application, he might possibly obtain by a private contract. For this purpose, his correspondent had inclosed to him a letter of recommendation to the executors of the deceased collector.

This was a temptation that Dr. Coral could not resist. Without waiting for the return of his daughter, who was abroad on an evening visit, he threw himself into a post chaise, and travelled all night, to reach the mansion of his departed brother in the course of the following day. He was received very cordially by a relation of the deceased,

ceased, and surveyed with avidity and admiration innumerable curiosities, of which he panted to become the possessor. But as the collection was very various and extensive, the Doctor began to tremble at the idea of the sum, which the proprietors would unquestionably demand for so peerless a treasure. The delight, with which his whole frame was animated in surveying it, sufficiently proved that he had a high sense of its value, and precluded him from the use of that profound and ingenious art, so honourably practised by the most intelligent persons in every rank of life, I mean the art of vilifying the object which they design to purchase. Dr. Coral, after commending most of the prime articles with a generous admiration, demanded, with that degree of hesitation which anxiety produces, if any price had been settled for the whole collection. The gentleman, who attended him, enlarged on the great trouble and expence with which his departed relation had amassed this invaluable treasure, and concluded a very elaborate harangue in its praise, by informing the Doctor, that he might become the happy master of the whole on the immediate payment of three thousand five hundred pounds. The Doctor was more encouraged than dismayed by the mention of this sum; for, in the first place, the price was really moderate; and, secondly, he

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had

had the comfortable knowledge, that he had the power of instantly securing to himself these manifold sources of delight. But the comfort arising from this assurance was immediately destroyed by the reflection, that all his ready money was devoted to the approaching marriage of his daughter; and his parental affection combating, with some little success, against his passion for curiosities, the good Doctor had almost resolved to relinquish all ideas of the purchase. Unluckily, he took a second survey of the choicest rarities, and met with an article which had been accidentally mislaid, and overlooked in his first view of the collection—perhaps its present effect upon him was the greater from this casual delay; certain it is, that this additional rarity fell with an amazing force on the wavering balance of his mind; it entirely overset his prudential affectionate resolution, and, hastily seizing a pen, which lay ready in a massive ink-stand of a curious and antique form, he instantly wrote a draught upon his banker for the three thousand five hundred pounds.

At this passage of my little work, I foresee that many an honest spinster, who may be reading it to her companions, will pause for a moment, and express an eager desire to know what this wonderful rarity could be. When I inform her it was a
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very little box, containing the uneatable product of a tree, she may, perhaps, imagine it a pip of the very apple which tempted our inconsiderate grandmother:—Eve, indeed, may be said to have instituted the order of virtuoso, being the first of the many persons on record, who have ruined themselves and their families by a passion for rarities.

But to return to her legitimate descendant, the curious Dr. Coral. This gentleman considered, that if he neglected the present opportunity, he might never again be able to acquire the very scarce and marvellous production of nature, which he had long thirsted to possess, and which now stood before him.

Not to tease my fair readers with any longer suspense, I will directly tell them, the above-mentioned little box contained a vegetable poison, collected, with extremest hazard of life, from the celebrated upas-tree, in the island of Java. A Dutch surgeon had received this inestimable treasure from the sultan of Java himself, as a part of his reward for having preserved the life of a favourite beauty in the royal seraglio; and the surgeon, on his return to Europe, had gratefully presented it to the deceased virtuoso, who had been the generous patron of his youth.

Dr. Coral was inflamed with the keenest desire of beginning various experiments with this rarest of poisons, without suspecting that it might deprive his daughter of a husband; taking, therefore, this inestimable little box, with a few more of the most precious and portable articles in his new acquisition, and giving the necessary directions concerning some weighty cabinets of medals, and other more bulky rarities, he re-entered his post chaise with that triumphant festivity of mind, which can be conceived only by a successful collector.

As the Doctor delighted almost as much in the idea of buying a bargain, as in the possession of a rarity, he amused himself in his journey home, with various projects for the disposal of his ample treasure.

It was his plan, to select the articles which he particularly prized, and, by a judicious sale of the remainder, to regain almost the whole sum that he had so rapidly expended. Possessing a high opinion of his own judgment in affairs of this nature, he pleased himself with the apparent facility of his design, and, under the lively influence of these agreeable thoughts, he arrived at his own door. The affectionate Theodora flew with peculiar eagerness to receive him, having suffered no little anxiety

ety from his extraordinary absence. The sprightliness of his appearance soon relieved her from all her solicitude, and they entered the parlour very gaily together, where Theodora had just been making tea for a female relation, and the assiduous Mr. Blandford. The Doctor, like most people of a busy turn, had a particular pleasure in talking of whatever he did, as he never meant to do any thing that a man ought to blush for; and he now began to entertain his company with an account of his adventures: he enlarged with rapture on his purchase, intimating that it had cost a very large sum, and not mentioning his undigested scheme of re-paying himself.

Observing, however, that his narration produced a very striking and gloomy change in the countenance of Mr. Blandford, he withdrew with that gentleman into his study, and very candidly told him, that this recent and expensive transaction should make no material difference in the fortune of his daughter: He explained his intention of regaining the money by a partial sale of the collection, and added, that as this mode of replacing the sum expended might not be very expeditious, he should more than compensate for the deficiency by a bond for four thousand pounds, with full interest, and strict punctuality of payment.

Mr.

Mr. Blandford happened to be one of those adventurous gentlemen, who, as they tremble on the verge of bankruptcy, ingeniously disguise the shudderings of real fear under artful palpitations of pretended love, and endeavour to save themselves from falling down a tremendous precipice, by hastily catching at the hand of the first wealthy and benevolent virgin or widow, whom they suppose within their reach: He was a great projector in the management of ready money, and had raised many splendid visions on the expected fortune of Miss Coral; but the little box of poison, which the Doctor had brought home, converted his daughter, in the eyes of Mr. Blandford, into a second Pandora; and as that gentleman had all the Prometheus, he resolved, like the cautious son of Japetus, to have no connection with the lady offered to him as a bride, because he foresaw the evils included in her dower.

Mr. Blandford, on this occasion, thought proper to imitate the policy of those, who try to conceal a base purpose of their own, by accusing another person of baseness: He upbraided Dr. Coral for having shamefully disappointed his very just expectations, and, taking the subject in that key, he pursued it through all the note of high and artificial passion; which produced a superior burst of louder and more natural anger from the honest insulted virtuoso.

Poor

Poor Theodora, in passing the door of the study, heard the voice of her father so unusually violent that, from a sudden impulse of affectionate apprehension, she entered the room, where the two gentlemen were engaged in the most angry altercation. Mr. Blandford seized the opportunity of bidding his mistress an eternal adieu. While she stood motionless with surprise, he made his final bow with a sarcastic politeness, rushed eagerly out of the house, and decamped the very next day from the town, which contained the lovely object of his transient adoration.

The approach or miscarriage of an expected wedding is a favorite subject of general conversation in every country town, and the disunion of Mr. Blandford and Miss Coral was very amply discussed. The separated young pair were universally pitied, and the whole weight of popular reproach fell immediately on the head of the unfortunate naturalist. As he was a man, who, from the peculiarity of his pursuits, withdrew himself from cards and common company, the little parties of the town most eagerly seized an opportunity of attacking his character: As a humorist, he was ridiculed, perhaps, with some justice; as a man of unrivalled benevolence and active charity, he was the object of much secret envy and malice, and of course

course was very unjustly vilified. The good people, who arraigned him on the present occasion, did not scruple to represent him, even to his daughter, as an unnatural monster, who had sacrificed for a cockleshell the happiness of his child. Nor was the little box of gum from the upas-tree omitted in these charitable remarks. One lady of peculiar spirit asserted, that if their father had robbed her of so handsome a husband, for the sake of purchasing such a rarity, she might have been tempted to anticipate the old gentleman in his experiments on the poison, by secretly preparing the first dose of it for himself. Happily for Theodora, she had such a gentleness and purity of heart, that every attempt to inflame her against her father served only to increase her filial affection. She reproved, with a becoming spirit, all those who insulted her by malignant observations on his conduct; and perceiving that he was deeply vexed by the late occurrences, and the comments of the neighbourhood upon them, she exerted all her powers, in the most endearing manner, to dissipate his vexation. "It is true," she said, as they were talking over the recent transaction; "it is true, that I began to feel a partial regard for Mr. Blandford; but his illiberal behaviour has so totally altered my idea of his character, that I consider the circumstances which divided us as the most fortunate"

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nate event of my life. I have escaped from impending misery, instead of losing a happy establishment; and I have only to be thankful for this protection of Providence, if it pleases Heaven to continue to me the power which I have hitherto possessed, of promoting the happiness of my father."

As she uttered this judicious and tender sentiment, a few starting tears appeared in evidence of its truth; they melted the good Doctor, and converted all his chagrin into affectionate pride and delight. The justice of Theodora's observation was soon afterwards confirmed in a very striking manner, by the fate of Mr. Blandford, who plunging into all the hazardous iniquity of Change-alley, became at last a bankrupt, and, with such fraudulent appearances against him, that the compassion, which his misfortune might have inspired, was lost in the abhorrence of his treachery. Dr. Coral, who, by studying the inanimate wonders of the creation, had increased the natural piety of his mind, was now most devoutly thankful to Heaven for the escape of his child. The tender Theodora was still more confirmed in her partial attachment to the house of her father; she took a kind and sympathetic pleasure in assisting his fanciful pursuits; she persuaded him to retain every article in

his new purchase, which she observed him to contemplate with particular delight; she gave an air of uncommon elegance to the arrangement of all the curiosities which he determined to keep; and, by an incessant attention to the peace and pleasure of her father's life, most effectually established the felicity of her own. Their comfort and their amusements being founded on the purest and most permanent of human affections, have continued, without diminution, through several succeeding years. I should fill many pages in recording the several ingenious works and devices, by which Theodora has contrived to amuse herself, and to delight her father; let it suffice to say, that, being always engaged in occupations of benevolent ingenuity, she is never uneasy; and she has grown imperceptibly into an old maid, without entertaining a wish for the more honourable title of a wife. Her mild and gentle parent has secured himself from all the irksome infirmities of age, by long habits of temperance, exercise, and, what is perhaps still more salutary, universal benevolence: He is still in possession of all his faculties, at the age of eighty-seven; and, if he has not the satisfaction of seeing a numerous group of descendants, he beholds, however, with infinite delight, one virtuous and happy daughter, most tenderly attached

attached to him, and wishing for no higher enjoyment than what arises from their reciprocal affection.

ANECDOTE

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Mrs. BELLAMY.

A NOBLEMAN who had a horse to run for the plate at York races, was at her house for some days. As his lordship was entitled by his rank to the seat of honour, he of course, during dinner time, sat at her right hand: But she could not help observing, that his eye was constantly and steadily fixed upon her. She took little notice of it at first, thinking it was occasioned by the attractive power of her charms, and that good manners would in time induce his lordship to behave with more decorum. Seeing, however, that her face was still the chief object to which his eye was directed, she grew much disconcerted and abashed. But having, at length recovered from the little prudery she had contracted in Ireland, she complained to Mr. Metham of the rudeness of his friend. He could not avoid smiling while she

made her complaint; and as a perfect acquittal of his lordship from any design to offend her, he informed her, that the eye which had been always so steadily fixed upon her, and excited her alarms, was only an innocent *glass eye*, and therefore could not convey any improper information, as it was immoveable all day, and rested at night very quietly upon the table. Her vanity received a check by the incident, and she joined in the laugh which it had occasioned.

FILIAL AFFECTION rewarded,

A MORAL TALE.

SOME of the closest enquirers into the behaviour between parents and children, have asserted, that the love of the first for the last is stronger than the affection of the latter for the former. They seem willing enough, indeed, to own that a more striking appearance of regard will now and then appear on the part of the child; but a thousand instances of this kind, they say, are not sufficient to destroy the justness of their general position. How pleasing, how delightful is it to behold a family-piece, in which it is hardly possible to say on which side the scale of affection preponderates!

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In the happy house of Mons. de Mornay, a respectable and opulent merchant, in one of the richest provinces of France, it was no easy matter to tell whether *he* loved his children, or his children *him* best, such an equality of affection appeared in their deportment to each other. The harmony which subsisted among them all, distinguished them in such a manner, that they were rarely mentioned without being envied, as well as admired for their domestic happiness.

Upon the loss of a very amiable wife by the rapid progress of a putrid fever, which soon after carried off one of his daughters, also Mons. de Mornay, whose sensibility, on many occasions, was too acute for his peace would have, perhaps, sunk under the weight of his paternal and conjugal affection, had not the tender assiduities, and unwearied efforts of his remaining child, his excellent Adelaide, to administer consolation to him, prevented it from plunging him into an immovable melancholy. Fortunately her assiduities were rewarded, her efforts were successful; and she had the satisfaction to see her father in a condition to attend to his commercial affairs, properly resigned to the dispensations of providence, and receiving new pleasure from every attempt she made to render the remainder of his life comfortable. However,

ever, though he so far got the better of his dejection, as to be able to attend to the business of his compting-house, he began, in a short time, to be so much fatigued with his increasing commissions, that he determined to look out for a partner, that he might, by making temporary retreats to more rural scenes, return to his native city with recruited spirits.

Very soon after he had formed this resolution, he met with a young man brought up to his branch of commerce, but unable to set up for himself for want of a suitable capital, and of so promising a disposition, with an unblemished character, that he entered into a partnership with him, and took him into his house.

Riveau was, indeed, a youth of a very promising turn, he was active and diligent, a master of his business, and strictly attentive to it, averse to those pleasures commonly pursued by the young with more eagerness than discretion, and addicted to no vice—every body, therefore, applauded Mons. de Mornay for his choice, thinking that he could not have pitched upon a more proper man to enable him to enjoy his declining years, by a vigorous discharge of those duties from a strict attention to which he had derived so many substantial advantages.

Riveau

Riveau being a young fellow with an insinuating address, soon made himself so agreeable as well as useful to his worthy associate, that he could not help feeling something like a parental regard for him. By the softness of his manners, and the most artful exertion of his companionable talent, he strove to make an impression upon Adelaide's tender heart in his favour; he could not however, gain his point. She was thoroughly sensible of his merit, she had no dislike to his person, and she was greatly pleased with his conversation, but the man for her had not yet fallen in her way: she, therefore, could only behave to him (in return for the particular pains which he took to recommend himself to her) with a respectful politeness. This kind of behaviour gave him no room to find fault with it, but it was exceedingly mortifying to him, as he had, with too much presumption, supposed that his powers of captivation were sufficient to ensure him success whenever he thought fit to make a full display of them. His vanity was affronted, his pride was piqued, and his resentment, at last, grew to such a height, that he was barely civil to her. Yet though he was disappointed by her forbidding carriage to him, and though he resented it, he was not deterred by it from soliciting her father's consent to his marrying her: adding, with all the energy of a youthful

ful lover, "I cannot live a moment without her."

Mons. de Mornay, really imagining from the uniform propriety of Riveau's behaviour, that he would prove an exemplary husband to his Adelaide, very readily complied with his request, but at the same time added; that he should never think of disposing of his daughter in marriage without her consent. "I will acquaint her; continued he, with your wishes on her account, and if she approves of you for a husband, I shall have no objection."

No father in the world could have behaved with more consideration upon such an occasion; but Riveau was not quite satisfied with his concluding expressions. Having still, however, some hopes that the coolness which he had observed in Adelaide's behaviour to him, might have arisen from a delicate reserve, and not from any aversion to him, he thanked Mons. de Mornay in grateful terms for his approbation, and retired not absolutely in despair, though in a state of the most disagreeable suspense.

The confederate father went immediately to his amiable daughter, and informed her of what had passed, relating to her, between him and Riveau.

Adelaide,

Adelaide, who had always been accustomed to converse with her father as with her sincerest friend, as a man to whom she might disclose each secret of her heart with the utmost security, felt not the least inclination to make any concealments from him upon this very interesting occasion: she, therefore, with all her usual frankness, told him, after having repeatedly thanked him for his goodness in consulting her inclination, before he disposed of her hand, that she wished not to change her situation, that she was uncommonly happy in being under the protection of so indulgent a parent, and that she did not believe she could be happier in any other state.

Clasping her in his arms, and pressing her to his bosom, Mons. de Mornay assured his dutiful and affectionate daughter, that he should be ever ready to promote her happiness in any shape; and that if she had the smallest objection to an alliance with Riveau, he would not open his lips about it to her again.

Adelaide declared she had no particular aversion to him—touched with her father's kindness, she could not proceed—she paused.

Perhaps, replied Mons. de Mornay looking tenderly at her, another man has gained your

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affections:

affections: be frank, and tell me; and if no reasonable exception can be made to him, I will do all in my power to facilitate an union between you.

This speech produced fresh acknowledgments; after the delivery of which, Adelaide re-assured her father, that she wished to remain in the situation she was; adding, that she had not yet met with any man sufficiently attractive to make her desirous of being united to him; and that she had not the least inclination to risque the loss of the felicity which she enjoyed as a daughter, by appearing in the character of a wife.

When she had thus spoken, she left the room to superintend the domestic affairs in her apartment; and left her father more fondly attached to her, if possible, than ever.—How much are characters like these to be admired! what patterns are they for imitation!

Riveau though he had not been romantically in love with Adelaide, and though he was not rejected upon any other man's account, was considerably chagrined by the decisive answer which her father brought from her relating to him. Like a man who had a very high opinion of his own personal attractions, he was extremely vexed at her refusing

refusing to marry him: but like a man of spirit, he took an infinite deal of pains to conceal the vexations he felt. Actuated chiefly by interested motives, to fix himself in the de Mornay family by a marriage into it, the same motives urged him to look out for an alliance which might be equally advantageous, considered in a lucrative light.

Riveau was a very sensible young fellow, and his knowledge, practical as well as theoretical, concerning commerce, was extensive; but he was little acquainted with the traders (not always fair ones) in the female world. With too little knowledge of that world, and too much presumption with regard to his captivating powers, he became the dupe of one of the most artful women that ever lived.

The arrival of a lady at the city in which he resided who made a brilliant appearance, though she was not a phænomena, as there were several women of fortune in it, occasioned a no small commotion among those men who had any thoughts of improving their circumstances in the matrimonial way.

Mademoiselle Nivonne had past the prime of life, and was far from being handsome, but she had, notwithstanding an alluring countenance and

the graces which played about her mouth, whenever she opened her lips, were uncommonly seductive. Seducing, however, as she was with her dimples and her smiles, and winning as she was in her manners, her followers were chiefly those whose eyes were dazzled with the lustre of her fortune. To that their adoration was really paid, though they pretended to idolize her person, understanding, &c. and had recourse to the most refined flattery in order to recommend themselves to her favour. Had she been a weak woman, and actually possessed of a large fortune, she might, indeed, have given her professing admirers credit for every compliment she received from them, though ever so extravagant; but as she was a very knowing woman, with strong intellects, and had no foundation for the support of the figure she made, she thoroughly understood the precise value of every encomium addressed to her face or to her mind, and played her cards like a mistress of the game she had in view. She was, in two words, a Female Adventurer.

With this lady Riveau had, to his great satisfaction an interview much sooner than he expected, by the address of one of his servants, in conjunction with one of her domestics, and found her, to his increased satisfaction, after every conversation, still more favourable to his warmest wishes.

When

When he had enjoyed several encouraging conversations with his rich incognita (as he really thought her) he ventured (availing himself of what seemed to him a broad hint) to declare his passion for her in the tenderest terms.

Scarce, however, had he made his declaration, when he repented of his precipitance; for the lady, immediately drawing up, not a little disconcerted him, by asking him, sternly, what pretensions he had to a woman of her fortune, naming the sum.

Surprized at the sum she mentioned, far superior to his expectations, he was abashed; casting his eyes down upon the carpet, he humbled himself before her, and made the best apology he could think of, for having dared to aspire to an alliance with her.

To his still greater, but more agreeable surprise, she then, softening her features and her face, told him that she was perfectly satisfied with his apologies; adding, that she was prejudiced enough in his favour, to put herself, and all she had in the world, into his possession, whenever he was ready to accept of her person and fortune.

Delighted now, as much as he had been before
disconcerted,

disconcerted, the sudden elevation of his spirits threw him into so rapturous a state, that the lady could not help gently correcting him for the intemperance of his transports; her corrections served only to make him still more enamoured with her, and to encrease the intoxication of his mind. To call such a woman, with a fortune of which a Fermier-general need not be ashamed, his own, was in his opinion, to be supremely blest.

When the day for his marriage with Mademoiselle Nivonne arrived, Riveau rose from the bed of celibacy with uncommon alacrity, and dressed himself to the greatest advantage. The bride, on her side having been very studious to appear in the most agreeable light, attracted all eyes in her approaches to the altar of Hymen. Every thing she wore was put on in so becoming a manner, and so much elegance, so much taste was conspicuous in every part of her drapery, that her whole figure gave pleasure to the mere gazers at a nuptial procession, and to the most celebrated connoisseurs: even they owned that they had never seen a woman more becomingly, more characteristically dressed. Riveau, highly flattered by the encomiums which flew about in whispers, concerning his bride, walked by her side to the priest in waiting, with additional spirit.

His

His feelings were too exquisite for description.

How short is the continuance of all earthly happiness! This is an exclamation frequently forced from our lips in our passage through this chequered world, and whenever it is forced from us, we should endeavour to arm ourselves against all sub-lunary disappointments: disappointments from which no human creature is free, and to which the greatest personages, as well as the lowest persons, are by the irreverfible decrees of providence expofed. In a month, in a little month after his marriage, Riveau found, that inftead of having united himfelf to a woman with a fplendid fortune, he had taken a woman to be his wife, who was not only deeply in debt, but of fo extravagant a difpofition, that it was impoffible for him to maintain her agreeable to her expenfive tafte: he had recourfe, therefore, to expedients for the fupport of her grandeur, by which he plunged his partner into a very diftreffful fituation.

From the fury of his creditors he faved himfelf by flight, leaving Mons. de Mornay to ftand the fhock of their demands, who, being unable to fatisfy them, was thrown into prifon.

At the time that Mons. de Mornay was hurried from his own houfe, to very ineligible apartments

Adelaide

Adelaide was upon a visit with a near relation of her mother's a few miles farther in the country. The moment she heard of her father's confinement, she determined to take every step in her power to release him; but fearful of having her design communicated to his creditors, she with more filial affection than worldly prudence, resolved to undertake the release of him herself, attended only by a faithful servant of her own sex, whose fidelity she had often tried, and by whom she had never been deceived.

Having prepared her father, by the most affectionate letter she had ever written to him, for his intended enlargement, Adelaide proceeded, at a very early hour, one morning (it was a summer one) to that part of the building in which he was lodged, and which she had sufficiently reconnoitred, with her trusty attendant, furnished with a ladder, and ropes to favour his escape.

While she was thus employed, the keeper of the prison, happening to have staid out longer than usual with his social friends, at a celebrated hotel, was, upon his return home, struck at the sight of two females so unexpectedly employed ——— he started,

Adelaide, at the sight of him not only started
but

but fainted. He ran, he flew to prevent her falling, but he was too late. Having soon, however, recovered her, after she had fallen to the ground, with the assistance of her servant, he soon also became acquainted with the cause of her appearance in that place, and at that hour. Charmed with her beauty, doubly charmed with her filial affection, he assured her that he would immediately give her father his liberty, telling her at the same time who he was. On casting his eye up to the window, at which Mons. de Mornay appeared, in order to acquaint him with his intentions, he heard a groan, which made him turn his head towards the place from whence (according to his ears) it issued.— Perceiving the prisoner at the grated window of his cell, who lamented his hard fate in the most doleful tones, he changed his purpose.

Not chusing, as master of the gaol, to be seen by any person in his custody, more than conniving at the escape of another in the same situation, nay actually giving him his freedom, he in another address to the heroic daughter, informed her of his reasons for delaying her father's releasement; but solemnly promised to procure it if possible in four and twenty hours.

Adelaide being extremely well satisfied with Mons. de Marigny's assurances, made him the most

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grateful

grateful acknowledgments, and upon his intreating her to let him see her safe to her own apartments, felt her prejudices in his favour as a man, too strong to permit her to refuse his polite offer.

Mons. de Marigny was as good as his word: he procured the enlargement of Mons. de Mornay (whose creditors behaved in the most generous manner on being acquainted with the uncommon attempt to rescue him) before the next night, and with his cordial consent made Adelaide his wife: an happy wife; for she ever found in him the most indulgent of husbands.

The marriage of Adelaide with Mons. de Marigny, was attended with a train of pleasing consequences, and her felicity was completed by the bequest of the lady at whose house she heard of her father's distressed condition, which enabled him to act agreeably to his principles, that is, to pay all his debts: it enabled him also, when his creditors were thoroughly satisfied, to spend the remainder of his days, as he wished to spend them, in a peaceful retreat. In that retreat, however, though he was blest with a genteel competency, his happiest hours were those which he enjoyed in the society of his exemplary daughter.

MEMOIRS OF
LEANDER and ASPASIA,
 OR THE
 RASH LOVER.

LEANDER, was heir to a considerable fortune in Northamptonshire, and his father had a seat in the senate, where he made a conspicuous figure in defence of the constitution of his country in general, and the rights of his constituents in particular. Biased by no party attachments, uninfluenced by any mercenary views, he acted solely as his conscience dictated, tutored by an upright heart and sound judgment. He did not oppose administration to clog the wheels of government, and oppose ministers merely because they were ministers; when he did not acquiesce in their measures, it was from a conviction that they were erroneous; but he always cheerfully promoted the interest of the common-wealth, and was ever happy to find that the premier (be he whom he might) had pursued such steps as led to the paths of honour and success; and he was constantly the foremost to give his plaudit upon these agreeable occasions.

Such was the out-line of good Benvolio's public character, his private one was the counterpart of it, as his tenants (whom he never rack rented) and his friends (whom he always sedulously endeavoured to serve) can testify.

Leander, his son, though he had not yet displayed in public his being a close imitator of Benvolio's bright example, seized every opportunity of testifying, in a more confined circle, the noble sentiments with which his bosom was actuated. Even from his infancy, his friendship was courted by all his school-fellows, and he never gave any one reason to repent the favourable sentiments they had entertained for him.

As he advanced towards maturity, these laudable notions expanded in a breast that was animated to glory. He requested of his father to obtain for him a pair of colours, which intreaty was complied with, though Benvolio could have wished he had confined his pursuits to civil life. However, having yielded to his natural impulse, and his regiment being ordered to America, he went over to that continent and distinguished himself, in the early part of the war, upon many occasions.

The death of his father, and his private affairs calling him home, he obtained leave of absence, and, after a speedy voyage, reached England.

Perhaps,

Perhaps, to avoid an apparent anachronism, we should have mentioned, that Benvolio had, some time before his departure for America, pitched upon a mate for life for his son; but his heart being already pre-engaged in favour of the lovely Aspasia, he considered his going abroad in the service of his country peculiarly fortunate, as at the same time that it gave him an opportunity of displaying his valour and gaining laurels in his profession of arms, it furnished him with the means of avoiding giving a positive refusal to his father, of accepting the lady of his parent's choice.

The news of his arrival in England no sooner reached Northamptonshire, than Amelia, who waited for nothing with so much impatience as his return, and who flattered herself there would not be the smallest obstacle to their happy union, prepared to meet him on the road, and greet him on his safe arrival.

This intelligence soon got wind, and the charming Aspasia was amongst the foremost of those who heard this mortifying tale; for she sincerely loved Leander, though she had hitherto concealed her passion, that she might not afford additional triumph to her rival, whom she had too much reason to think would prove successful.

Amelia

Amelia met Leander about half way from the capital, and with raptures went to the apartment of the inn where she learnt he was getting some refreshment; his surprise was very great, at seeing a person who had given him so much uneasiness, and prevented his offering his hand in an honourable way, to Aspasia. Nor could her astonishment be scarcely equalled at the coolness with which he received her, nor her mortification be paralleled, when after the first, common salutations prescribed by civility, he made very earnest and importunate inquiries concerning Aspasia's health, her situation, and particularly if she had disposed of her hand.

Nevertheless, as Amelia had discharged her carriage, and her business was now at an end, it was expedient for her, at all events, to return to Northampton; and she submitted to accept a slight invitation of part of Leander's post chaise. The remainder of the journey was very disagreeable to both parties; as the one was chagrined to the highest degree at the disappointment she had met with, and as his thoughts were solely occupied in contemplating in imagination the charms of the divine Aspasia.

One of his servants being dispatched before to make preparations for his reception at his house,
the

the bells were set a ringing, and every one was presently acquainted with the cause. The arrival of Leander and Amelia (though in doleful triumph) did not prevent its being immediately circulated; that they had either been married on the road, or would be so the next day. Aspasia heard the unwelcome tidings and became almost a victim to despair; when lo! the much loved Leander, appeared, and throwing himself at her feet, almost devoured her hand with kisses, at the same time expressing his surprise at seeing her bathed in tears.

She had not power to speak for some time, but at length her pride got the better of her passion, and she upbraided him in the most reproachful terms, with coming to insult her, when he was already married, or betrothed to another.

The bitter accents that fell from her tongue petrified him, and he could scarce collect words to assure her of her mistake. Finding her inexorable, he was driven to rage and despair, and in a fit of phrenzy flew to the adjacent river, and there plunged himself in what he designed a watery grave.

The melancholy tale instantly reached Aspasia, and she flew on the wings of love, to prevent the fatal effects of that madness which she had created. Aspasia arrived at the banks of the flood whilst he
still

still breathed ; the scene shocked her to that degree, as to deprive her of all reason, and she was on the point of devoting her life as an atonement for the error she had committed. However, her attendant prevented her perpetrating the rash deed, and some fishermen coming by, dragged Leander on shore, whilst he had still marks of life remaining.

Every possible means were used to restore him to health, and finding Aspasia had sincerely repented what she had done, and was now convinced of his sincerity, these circumstances tended greatly to promote his recovery.

As soon as this was completed, Aspasia was easily prevailed upon to yield him her hand, and they have now for some time been happily united in wedlock to their mutual satisfaction, as their days roll on in uninterrupted felicity, which will most probably be terminated only with their lives.



T H E
WHITE LIE.

A MORAL TALE.

THERE are some moral philosophers so extremely rigid in their notions, with regard to right and wrong, that they will not allow the slightest deviations from truth, upon any account, to be defensible. To utter palpable falsehoods indeed at the instigation of malevolence, is to act in a manner by no means to be defended; but surely there are some occasions when the suppression of truth may be a venial crime; when a white lie (to adopt a fashionable mode of speaking) may be forgiven. However, as the most innocent lies are sometimes productive of consequences little expected by those who deliver them, and bring them into embarrassing, if not dangerous situations, the white liar should not wantonly sport with the characters or situations of his friends and acquaintance; for he may play off a lie with the best design imaginable, and find that design most unhappily defeated.

Dick Grisdale, a young fellow, with an infinite deal of good nature, and with parts rather brilliant than solid, told as many white lies, perhaps, as any

man in England: he was certainly never guilty of black ones, because he did not deliberately intend by any of his lies to destroy the peace, or wound the reputation of a single creature breathing. His intentions were always laudable; but his proceedings, in consequence of them, were not always successful. To bring people whom he knew, and for whom he had a regard, at variance, amicably together, was the principal delight of his life: and in order to bring about a reconciliation, he did not scruple to tell each of them what the other never said. Having frequently succeeded by this species of pardonable falsehood, having never failed indeed of gaining his point, he persevered in his white lying with an increased self-approbation (arising from the consciousness of good intentions) and did not imagine that his manner of lying for the service of friends was in the least censurable, till he found himself involved in a very disagreeable affair by his benevolent officiousness.

Calling one day upon an intimate friend at his chambers for whom he had so great an esteem, that he would have served him at the risk of his life (there are some men still of this heroic disposition) he found him in a way in which he did not at all expect to see him: he found him discontented, and in a very ill humour.

Charles

Charles immediately enquired into the cause of his friend's uneasiness

"Take up that note," replied he, peevishly, and pointing at a table at a little distance from them, "It will fully account for the alteration you see in me."

Charles obeyed, read the note, and expressed his surprise as well as concern at the contents of it. "Some malicious devil," said he, throwing down the paper in a passion, "has been at work here. Your Amelia never would, I am persuaded, have written such a note, had she not been strongly induced, by the misrepresentations of malevolence, to see you in a new light,—in an unfavourable light. Whoever has attempted to lessen you in her eyes, by uttering a single syllable to your disadvantage, merits a severe correction."

Charles spoke these few last words, with such a warmth in his delivery, that his friend felt himself not a little pleased with it, though it was not sufficient to alleviate the pain which Amelia's cutting expressions had inflicted.

This friend of Charles's was a Mr. Morrison, a young student in one of the inns of court, and by his diligence co-operating with a very good capacity,

city, promised to make a considerable figure in his profession. He was of a genteel family; but he had more flattering hopes of raising a fortune from his connections than from his relations.

Morrison read the books proper for his perusal; the books relating to jurisprudence with a laudable attention, but he did not pursue his studies with that unremitted perseverance, by which many slaves to Salkeld and Ventris injure their own constitutions, without being in the least serviceable to their country. He judiciously relieved his mind by temporary relaxations, and as those relaxations were not of an enfeebling nature, he returned to his learned volumes with no abatement of his assiduity.

As Morrison was not addicted to any vicious pursuits, he never spent the time which he allotted for amusement with the libertines of his own sex, or with the votaries of licentiousness among the other. Not having a violent passion for any public places, he generally passed his evenings in private families of his acquaintance.

Of all the families he visited upon an intimate footing, the Rowlands were particularly agreeable to him, because they were musical. Mr. Rowland played a good fiddle himself; several of his friends performed

performed very decently on various instruments, and his daughters, with melodious voices, sung with much taste.

It was not probable that Morrison could be intimate in such a family, without feeling a predilection for one of the syrens belonging to it: Amelia, the second daughter, was his favourite, and seemed very well pleased with his preferring her to her sisters, one of whom was soon thrown into a most disquieting situation by the progress which she made in her lover's heart.

Amelia's passion for Morrison was not less ardent for him than his was for her; but she with the greatest discretion prevented its appearing in an improper manner.

As Mr. Rowland had the highest regard for his Amelia's lover, because he was thoroughly acquainted with his intrinsic merit, and as he had sufficient reason to believe that he would, by his parts and patronage, rise to some post of eminence in the law, he rather forwarded than retarded the union of which he was so desirous. When his young friend therefore solicited his consent in form, he returned no discouraging answer: he only desired to withhold his absolute compliance, till he received his father's approbation.

Morrison,

Morrison, fully satisfied with that reply, having no doubt of his father's consent, wrote a dutiful letter without delay, on the subject which engrossed his attention, and waited with impatience for the return of the post.

It was during the conveyance of this letter to Mr. Morrison in the most northern part of England, that his son received the above mentioned note, occasioned by the baseness of Miss Rowland, who being passionately in love with the man by whom her sister had been distinguished, was furiously jealous, and resolved to do all in her power to supplant her.

Charles, who also visited the Rowlands, eager to serve his injured friend, hurried away, without mentioning his design to Amelia, and as soon as he saw her, told her that she had by her cruel note killed the most deserving man in the world.

Amelia, who by this time had sincerely repented of her rash note (in consequence of a discovery by which her lover was entirely cleared of the charge against him) and having naturally very weak nerves, fell into an hysterical fit.

Charles, the moment he had procured proper assistance for her, returned with precipitation to his

his friend, and acquainted him with the situation in which he had left the mistress of his heart; encouraged him also to believe, while he alarmed him with this intelligence, that her love for him was excessive, and that his appearance before her would immediately, on her being sensible of it, extinguish all her resentment.

Morrison was very ready to fly to the woman he loved with the warmest affection, and whose unjust, injurious accusation, he sincerely pardoned. He flew to her; but there is no saying how he looked, there is no describing what he felt when he found her in the agonies of death.

OF THE SOUL.

IN REPLY TO MATERIALISTS.

IF mere matter has the power to think and to will, it follows that all portions of matter are absolutely thinking, or else, that it is matter which gives the thought. This is absurd.

The objection of the matter's thinking, with the necessary consequence of introducing the cogitating power into all portions of matter whatsoever, is so strong, that the philosophers, who, without

out being atheists, suppose matter capable of sentiment, have been obliged to elude this difficulty by forming the most ridiculous systems. Some have derived our perceptions from elementary causes, and have considered spirit as essential to matter.

Others have substituted for this spirit, a sensibility much more feeble, than what nature has given to animals the most stupid, and, indeed, the most approximate to dead matter. They call it a kind of dull, blunt feeling, which urged by a restless automaton, seeks out a convenient situation, in the same manner as an animal is disordered in its sleep, while the use of all its faculties are suspended, and tosses about till it finds a posture the most adapted to its repose. But if this is not nonsense, I do not know what is.

When one contemplates the diamond, the rock, a block of marble, and all the properties of matter, dead and inert, one sees plainly how chimerical is this dull and stupid feeling so much insisted on; nor had these systems ever been brought forth, had not their authors found it totally impossible to discover in matter the principles of sensation.

If thought appertains to matter, it must be, either because it is an assemblage and collection, or
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that it is a property formed out of each substance. The body, as an assemblage and collection, cannot be the subject of thought. Shall we divide thought, between all the substances of which the body is composed? in which case, it cannot possibly be, that she is one indivisible perception. In the second place, we must reject this supposition, when thought is said to be formed out of a certain number of perceptions.

There are many observations to be made against the materialist, upon the subject of dreams.

When we have slept profoundly, we imagine we have ceased to think, because we cannot recollect to have had any dream during the repose. But this observation is very far from being demonstrative. It is sufficient that the dreams have been feeble and unimpressive. My conjecture is founded upon the following experience.—

Every body is convinced that from our waking in the morning, to our going to bed, we do not cease to think, at least during the time we remain awake. Nevertheless, I defy any man to recollect all the *suite* of ideas which have traversed his brain, during fifteen or sixteen hours of his being awake; at least, not every day.

He will remember only the most interesting ob-

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jects

jects which have most powerfully engaged his attention. The same thing happens in sleeping, and the impressions being then more feeble, are no more recollected.

The pretended power of matter to fold again and to modify itself, is an hundred times more incomprehensible and more contrary to its essence, than if we admitted a possibility of annihilating the laws of motion, whose immutability is so well known to the advocates for materialism. As soon as we are able to prove that there is in nature a single action, or a single motion spontaneous, materialism must be destroyed. We perceive and feel that several sensations exist at the same time: we compare and form a judgment of them.

The principle of these actions is singular and indivisible, consequently it is not material; for a division or a dissection of thought implies a contradiction. From the several sensations which the soul compares at once, the result is, that the soul is the only being endued with sensations and ideas; for if, one part had one sensation, and another part another sensation, which of the two parts shall compare? How is a motive able to determine and act upon a machine? All the effects of matter are divisible as itself. On the contrary, the operations

tions of the soul, the thought, the sentiment, and the will, are indivisible.

They all emanate from a substance, simple, indivisible, immaterial: not subject like the body, either to dissolution or decay. It does not follow from hence that man is double; the two substances of which he is compounded, are strictly united.

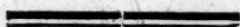
The laws of motion, whose certitude is by no one controverted, are the consequences of that inertia primitively and fundamentally attached to matter: but man is by no means obedient to the same laws. Every thing about him indicate an obedience to laws diametrically opposite. Inertia supposes in the body a resistance to changing the state: but the faculty of thinking, supposes in man an effort even to change.

Contrary laws are essential to these contrary effects: for although we are not acquainted with all the qualities of matter, reason forbids us to attribute to it any palpable contradictions.

The being who actuates, and who exists by himself, finds it equally easy to move the whole world as to move an atom; but every being who derives his activity from another, can only possess activity in the measure and degree it is given: and if he is

actuated by the means of certain organs, he can be influenced no otherwise than those organs permit.

The variety of our thoughts, the rapidity of our desires, the extension of our projects, and the immensity of our hopes, attest at once the dignity of our origin, and the grandeur of our destiny. The dominion we have over mere matter, makes us feel how much we are superior to it! The whole of the argument leads to the following fact: man is here placed in a sort of intellectual twilight, he discovers few objects tolerably, and none perfectly: yet even the intellectual twilight, this darkness visible of reason, makes us discover the dawn, which at once proves and leads to the existence of day the most brilliant.



A N

American Anecdote,

*Relating to a young English Officer among the
Abenakee Savages.*

DURING the last war in America, a band of savages having surprised and defeated a party of the English, such of those as were not actually killed on the spot, had very little chance
of

of getting away from enemies who were much more swift footed than they ; and who, pursuing them with unrelenting fury, used those whom they overtook with a barbarity almost without example, even in their own uncivilized nations.

A young English officer, pressed by two savages who were aiming at him with their uplifted hatchets, had not the least hope of escaping death, and thought of nothing but to sell his life as dearly as he could. At that moment an old savage armed with a bow drew near him, in order to pierce him with an arrow ; but after having pointed it at him, he dropped it on a sudden, and ran to throw himself between the young Englishman and the two barbarians, who were going to murder him.

The blood-thirsty pair shrunk back out of respect to the motions of the old warrior, who with signs of peace took the officer by the hand, and after having moved his apprehensions by friendly gestures, carried him to his hut. There he treated him with great humanity and mildness, more like a companion indeed than a captive. He taught him the Abenakee language, and the coarse arts in use among his countrymen. They lived very well satisfied with each other : there was but one part of the old man's behaviour which gave the young officer any uneasiness ; he now and then surprised the

the savage fixing his eyes upon him, and sometimes saw them after a long and steady fixtue, bathed in tears.

However, on the return of the spring, the Abenakees took the field again and proceeded in quest of the English.

The old man, who had still remaining vigour enough to bear the fatigues of war, went along with his countrymen, not forgetting to take his prisoner with him.

They made a march of above two hundred leagues, through the trackless wilds and forests of that country, till they came at length within view of a plain, in which they discovered an English camp. This the old savage shewed to his young companion, looking very earnestly at him, and marking his countenance with particular attention.

There (said he) are thy brothers waiting to give us battle; what say'st thou? I preserved thee from death; I have taught thee to build canoes; to make bows and arrows, to catch the deer of the forest; to wield the hatchet, with all our arts of war.

What wast thou when I took thee to my dwelling? Thy hands were as the hands of a mere child

child: they could serve thee but little for thy defence; and less yet for providing the means of sustenance. Thy soul was in the dark: thou wert a stranger to all necessary knowledge. To me thou owest life, the means of life, every thing. Couldst thou then be ungrateful enough to go over to join thy countrymen, and to lift up the hatchet against us?"

The young Englishman made answer, that he should, it was true, feel a just repugnance to the carrying arms against those of his own nation, but that he would never turn them against the Abenakees, whom, so long as he should live, he would consider as his brethren.

At this the savage held his head down, and raising his hands, he covered his face with them, as if he was in a profound meditation. After having remained some time in this attitude of recollection, he looked earnestly at the English officer, and said to him, in a tone of grief, mixed with tenderness, "Hast thou a father?" He was alive," replied the young man, when I left my country:"——
 "Oh! how unhappy must he be!" said the savage
 ——adding, after a moment's pause——
 "Dost thou not know that I too was once a father!
 ——Alas! I am no longer one. No: I am no longer a father——I saw my son fall in battle——
 He

He fought by the side of me. I saw him die like a man, die, covered with wounds, as he fell——
But I revenged his death.”

While he pronounced these words in the most pathetic and emphatical manner, he shuddered; he seemed to breathe with pain; choaked with inward groans, which he was endeavouring to suppress. By degrees, the violence of his passion subsided, he grew calm, and turning towards the east, pointed to the rising sun. “Seest thou yon beauteous luminary?” said he to the Englishman: “The sun in all its splendor? Does the sight of it afford thee any pleasure?”——“Undoubtedly,” answered the officer, “who can behold so fine a day without delight.’ And yet to me it no longer gives any,” replied the savage——After having uttered these words, he turned, and casting his eye on a bush in full flower——“See, said he, young man, does not that gay appearance of flowers give thee a sort of joy to look at it?”——“It does, indeed replied the officer: “And yet said the old man, “it delights not me,” adding with some impetuosity, “haste, depart——fly to yon camp of thy friends.——Get home that thy father may still see, with pleasure, the rising of the sun, and the flowers of the spring.

THE

T H E

SLAVE to LIBERTY.

A MORAL TALE.

WARM in the cause of freedom, and as great a foe to slavery as Wilkes himself can possibly be, I cannot, however, help thinking that too many of my countrymen have, concerning liberty, the most absurd and indefensible ideas. With regard to the press, liberty there is particularly absurd. To retain it, *hoc opus, hic labor est*. Heavily as we complain of its abuses, no Englishman will, I imagine, wish to find an enquiry into ways and means for the restriction of it, attended with any inquisitorial proceedings.

The abuses of liberty are various : they are by no means confined to the walls of a printing-house. Every man who supposes himself licensed to speak his mind upon all occasions without limitation, and to act agreeable to his own standard of right and wrong, totally inattentive to the suggestions of prudence or propriety, is better acquainted with the letter than the spirit of freedom; and his disappointments, or his distresses resulting from his misconception of that flattering word, so often articulated with exultation, so little, so very little understood, are hardly entitled to compassion.

No man was ever less acquainted with the precise meaning of the word liberty than the only son of a worthy citizen (a Mr. Harris) whose heart he broke by his free-speaking, and free-living: and whom he saw carried to his grave with the sensations a gamester deeply interested in a rubber would experience on the decision of it in his favour.

Ned Harris, though his father was very indulgent to him, and paid off his debts several times, did not feel himself so much at liberty as he wished to be: he was cramped in his circumstances: his annual allowance was scarce sufficient for the exigencies of a month: he wanted to take possession of all the money which his frugal parent had been heaping up for him, and was frequently so free of speech as to tell him (in the language of the intriguing chamber maid) that he was villainously old.

Mr. Harris, though his ears were shocked whenever such undutiful expressions were addressed to him, doated on the ungrateful boy too fondly to bequeath his fortune to a more deserving relation, or to a charitable institution. Accordingly, at the decease of his father, Liberty Ned, (as his companions commonly called him, because he was always bragging of his liberty) found himself in very affluent circumstances. "Now I am quite
a free

a free man," said he, when he signed the transfer books at the bank; "I can live entirely as I like, and care not a farthing for the greatest man in the kingdom."

There was freedom enough in this speech: but there was no prudence. He had spoken his mind, however, and was as well satisfied with what he had said, as every person, within his hearing, was displeased with it. The words themselves were sufficiently unguarded: the tones in which they were delivered were insufferably disgusting.

Ned, after having engaged in a number of quarrels, by speaking his mind, and by his too passionate attachment to liberty, which made him too proud to be governed by any prudential considerations, met with a paragraph one morning at the coffee-house, in the *Gazetteer*, that occasioned violent emotions in him, and provoked him to undertake a very Quixotic expedition.

The paragraph by which Ned felt himself so violently agitated, was concerning a married lady in Yorkshire, whose husband, in a fit of jealousy, had not only confined her, according to his intelligence, to her apartment, but treated her with an unpardonable severity.

To the imprisoned lady, Ned was indeed personally not a stranger; but as the merits of the cause were totally unknown to him, and as the authenticity of the information was disputable, he would not perhaps have posted to Yorkshire, in the character of a distressed lady's champion, had he not been a slave to liberty.

Many of his friends to whom he communicated his design, blamed him for his knight-errantry; and many treated his eagerness to interest himself in a quarrel between a man and his wife with the utmost contempt: they all dissuaded him, in the strongest terms, from the execution of his purpose. "No, no," replied Ned, "Mrs. D—— is a d—d fine woman. It was confoundedly wrong indeed, I will allow, in her to marry a man old enough to be her father; but she ought not to lose her liberty, because she has played the fool. D— has no right to lock her up; and I shall think I do a very laudable action by releasing her from her confinement."

Ned left London, thinking too much of the end of his journey, to make any reflections on the length of it. The delivery of a handsome woman from her despotic husband was the grand point he had in view, and he was determined to carry his design into execution.

Ned,

Ned, though a steady friend to freedom, was of too fickle a disposition to adhere, with constancy, to any schemes which he had concerted. In a journey to Yorkshire, it was highly probable that he would meet with incidents to put his ruling passion to a trial; and every body who knew him was pretty well assured that he would not let slip any opportunity, during his progress, to distinguish himself as a hero in the cause of liberty. With a spirit truly romantic, he voluntarily offered to assist all those who seemed to groan beneath the yoke of despotism: but he frequently announced his readiness to redress wrongs with so much zeal, and so little judgment, that while his intentions were defeated, his vanity was suspected.

Those who prophesied that Ned would meet with some adventure upon the road sufficient to draw him off from his first design, were not out in their predictions. Before he had finished his first day's journey, his attention was powerfully attracted by a company of strollers in a cart, many of them in their theatrical dress, which had evidently never figured in the wardrobes of Drury-Lane, Covent-Garden, or the Hay-Market. Upon making an enquiry into their precipitation, (for they were carried along at a pretty brisk rate) he found that they were hurrying themselves from the malevolence

levolence of a neighbouring justice, who, being of an amorous constitution, and disappointed by the resistance one of the chaste heroines made to his overture, had resolved to punish the whole corps as vagabonds, though he had before not only winked at, but encouraged their dramatic performances.

Ned without considering the Thespian troop in the light in which they appeared in the eye of the law, glowed with resentment, and heroically declared that if they received the least interruption in their removal, he would defend them at the hazard of his life. He had scarce uttered these words in a very spirited and resolute tone, when the terrified justice, mounted on the fleetest horse in his stable, and attended by a brace of his mirmidons, as well provided for expedition, made their appearance.

Unluckily, just at that moment the theatrical cart, or to speak more genteelly, carriage was suddenly stopped by the flying off of one of the wheels. In consequence of this accident, several of the illustrious personages tumbled out: and those who were not ejected, were too much frightened at the appearance of the formidable magistrate, to be in any condition to oppose him. Not so frightened by his appearance was Ned: instead of being intimidated by his presence, he rode up to the inflamed justice on his giving orders to seize the

the lawless crew, and intrepidly asked him, what he meant by so arbitrary a proceeding. " I mean," said the justice, " to send these impudent wretches to prison for having dared to act loose plays in my jurisdictions."

Ned was not at all satisfied with this answer: his reply produced a blow; and a bloody battle ensued; in that battle the slave to liberty lost his life.

ANECDOTE

OF THE

Dutchess of K——ton.

WHEN the dutchess of K— was Miss C—h, she was disappointed in love, and her admirer having married another lady, she grieved so much, that she kept her bed for some weeks. Her physician ordered her a prescription, which, by an error of the apothecary, was composed of a great quantity of laudanum, which threw her into a sleep of two days and two nights. The ill-natured world gave out that she had poisoned herself; but Lord Chesterfield, who always vindicated her, contradicted

tradicted the report wherever he went, and hearing her false lover relate the story, he told him, "My lord, you have endeavoured to poison every hour of the life of so amiable a woman, but in vain, and you are now mean enough to stab her reputation."

THE PERPLEXED WIFE.

A MORAL TALE.

POPE, in his Essay on the characters of women, tells us, that two ruling passions almost divide the third, and that

Those only fix'd, they first or last obey
The love of pleasure, and the love of sway.

It may be affirmed because experience warrants the affirmation, that the fair sex are in general, extremely fond of pleasure and of power, but though these passions may justly enough be called ruling ones, there is a third by which they are sometimes over-ruled: the *love of play*: by the instigation of this passion, they not only throw themselves often into painful situations, but into situations in which they lose all their power, and are obliged to appear in the most humiliating light by the meanness of their submissions.

Bred

Bred up in a very private way. in a romantic and unpopulous part of the kingdom, under the tuition of her exemplary parents, who could not afford to support the expences of a genteel boarding-school, Lætitia Bendish improved her mind and her person so much by a close adherence to their instructions, that few women, with all the advantages of the most fashionable education, acquitted themselves with greater propriety in the politest circles.

With a fine understanding, and a striking exterior, she had a considerable share of good nature and sensibility. As Mr. and Mrs. Bendish doated on their daughter, they did every thing in their power to promote the concurrence of her inclination with her duty, and she sincerely loved them, while she honoured and obeyed them. Happy in the affection of her parents, she only sighed when she could not relieve the wants of those whose distresses strongly moved her pity, and demanded her assistance. For no selfish gratifications did she wish for affluence; she was contented with her little sphere of life; she only envied the rich for the opportunities they had to employ their wealth in acts of liberality.

While she was growing up every day more and more amiable in the partial eyes of those who gave

her birth, Lætitia received a shock, which violently agitated her whole frame, being of a very delicate constitution, as well as keenly susceptible of the tenderest impressions. This shock was occasioned by the death of her mother, and it was hardly supportable—a mother for whom she ever had felt the highest esteem, the most affectionate regard.

When the first effusions of her poignant grief were over; when she had loudly lamented her irreparable loss in the most animated language, she sunk into a melancholy, from which all the efforts of her half distracted father, and a few select friends, could not rouse her.

Mr. Bendish had always loved his daughter with a fondness of which no man but a father can have a proper idea: that fondness increased when he recollected the last words of a wife, whose separation from him he felt as painfully, perhaps, as if every limb of his body had been amputated. She was every thing to him while she lived: in her he found the wife, the mistress, and the friend, most happily united. Unspeakably wretched, was he, therefore, without her: doubly wretched, as his dear Lætitia, deeply affected by the blow which had destroyed his peace, was utterly unable to administer any consolation to him. Time, however,

at

at length dispelled the gloom which had hung over her, since her mother's death. Time, also, reconciled her father to his fate : and they both endeavoured to make each other's life comfortable to the utmost of their abilities.

Mr. Bendish, having been of a musical turn from his cradle, acquired a considerable deal of musical knowledge very early in life; and as that knowledge increased with his encreasing years, he was sufficiently qualified to be his daughter's instructor, when she discovered a desire to be acquainted with a science to which her genius strongly pointed her. At the time of her mother's decease, she played upon her harpsichord in a very masterly manner, and gave no small pleasure to those who heard her instrumental performances, especially when she accompanied them with a voice of which every tone was melodious. When her mother died,

“ Her taste for music then was o'er,”

But time, by restoring her to the full exertion of her faculties, restored also her musical taste, and in consequence of that restoration, the melancholy reflections which now and then rose in her mind had less and less power to disturb its tranquillity.

To change the scene and to throw her thoughts into a quite new channel, Mr. Bendish carried his Lætitia to a watering place not many miles from his private peaceful habitation; not doubting but that the situation of the place itself, and the genteel company who frequented it in the season, would greatly tend to promote the total removal of all depressing ideas.

Mr. Bendish, very soon after his arrival at Buxton, found—and with pleasure—that his daughter was not a little admired for her person: he was, however, more flattered by the encomiums bestowed upon her accomplishments, having, himself, largely contributed to the consequence she derived from them. The satisfaction which he felt upon this occasion, was considerably heightened by the propriety of her whole deportment, on her first public appearance, and his declared approbation of her conduct in the most encouraging terms, served to render her additionally attentive to every part of her behaviour.

In the train of Lætitia's admirers was a Baronet, young and sensible: his figure was engaging: he was happy in his address, and perfectly well bred. To Lætitia he behaved in the most respectful style, but he could not help taking pains, at the
same

same time, to make her see that he distinguished her from every other woman in the place.

Lætitia had sagacity enough to see the conquest she had made, and she felt the importance of it; but conducted herself with the nicest discretion, and neither by her looks nor any unguarded expressions, gave Sir James Halton reason to suppose that she beheld him in the light of a lover. She treated him merely as a young fellow who deemed it necessary to flirt with every girl he met with, to shew his gallantry; and by so treating him, had the pleasure to be assured that all her conjectures concerning the particularity of his carriage to her were confirmed.

Mr. Bendish plainly perceived that Sir James behaved to Lætitia as if he had very strong prepossessions in her favour: he also as plainly perceived that Lætitia's heart felt strong sensations in his behalf; but he kept the remarks which he made on the behavior of them both to himself; not without wishing, for his daughter's sake, that Sir James would come to the point about her, as she evidently longed for a regular declaration of that passion which his eyes very forcibly discovered for her.

Lætitia was naturally of a delicate, timid disposition, and having been educated in the most private

vate manner, had not acquired any of those airs and graces which women of the world commonly adopt, in order to set themselves off to the greatest advantage. Conscious of these deficiencies, not a little depressed too by the striking difference between her station in life and that of her admirer, she could not make that spirited display of her attainments (which were really considerable) that she would have done, perhaps, had she found herself in a higher sphere: or had the man who flattered her with his attentions and assiduities moved in a lower one.

In this situation, deeply in love with Sir James, almost dreading a disappointment, and ashamed to acquaint her father with the tumults in her tender bosom, she waited with all the anxiety of impatience for an event on which the happiness of her future life in a great measure, depended. Her feelings were doubly painful while she strove to confine them to her own breast, to conceal them from her father: she did not indeed communicate them to him with her lips, but his penetration enabled him to dive into her soul, and explore its most secret recesses. Pity was the first passion which his discoveries, in consequence of his discernment, excited; terror was the second: for Lætitia, injured by grief arising from the conceal-
men

ment of her Love, and the oppression of her despair, appeared to be in a declining state of health, and by her altered looks exceedingly alarmed the fondest of parents.

Terrified at the condition to which Lætitia's partialities in favour of Sir James, and the uncertainty occasioned by Sir James's silence, had reduced her, Mr. Bendish could not behold her in that condition without the sincerest concern, and the most distressing apprehensions. By repeated requests he prevailed on her to confess the cause of the pitiable change he had for some time observed in her; but her confession only served to increase his disquiet on her account, as he was afraid to expect the wished-for removal of it, and as he could not decently, he thought, take any steps towards the accomplishment of his desires, and the dismissal of his doubts.

While the good Mr. Bendish, and his deserving daughter, were thus unhappily situated, the latter drooping every day more and more under the pressure of her tender sorrows, and the former most affectionately lamenting the havock which those sorrows had made in her constitution, they were both suddenly relieved from their respective miseries by the frank and generous behaviour of Sir James, by which he gave a happy turn to their
spirits

spirits; and exhibited himself in a light equally amiable and engaging.

It was some time indeed before Lætitia, (after what she had suffered, during the agonies of suspense,) recovered her health; she was, however, in a little while restored to the full enjoyment of it. With the tranquillity of her mind, the beauty of her person returned; and it was, indeed, so much heightened by the happiness of her heart, that Sir James grew more enamoured of her than he had ever been: and as her conversation also improved upon him, with the increasing freedom which his generous proposal had produced, he could not restrain himself from urging with all the eagerness of an impatient lover to fix a near day for the completion of his felicity. With all the delicacy ever becoming her sex, particularly so upon such an occasion, she discovered the pleasure which his eagerness gave her; with equal delicacy she left the nomination of her wedding day to him.

The delay on Sir James's side, with regard to the disclosure of that passion for Lætitia which she had certainly kindled in his bosom, did not arise from a diminution of it, in consequence of any impropriety in her conduct: it resulted entirely from the stimulating desire he felt to be assured his passion was returned; having never, in all his connections

nections with the female part of the human species, seen or conversed with a woman alluring enough to make a conquest of his heart. Accustomed, from his rank, his fortune, and his great alliances, to appear chiefly in the higher walks of life, he had with too much attention marked the behaviour of women of fashion to wish to have any matrimonial transactions with them.

Boldness and affectation were two acquired accomplishments in the fair sex which he never admired; and as those females who, in other respects, were most attractive in his eyes, distinguished themselves in those accomplishments, he found in himself no propensity to figure in the character of a married man.

Sir James's appearance at Buxton, at that time, was merely accidental: he had no intention to visit that place when he left London, in order to make some improvements upon his Derbyshire estate: it was in compliance with the particular request of an old friend whom he overtook a few miles from the above mentioned town, that he accompanied him to the place to which he was going for the benefit of his health. When he was at the Wells, he was indeed sufficiently satisfied with the company he met there, not to repent of the change

he had made in his travelling plan; but little did he imagine, that among the ladies assembled at Buxton he should find one sufficiently engaging to render herself necessary to his happiness.

To the happiness of Sir James, Lætitia became absolutely necessary soon after his arrival at Buxton: she appeared to him in every respect a woman formed to make an unexceptionable wife; and the moment he thought he could depend upon her being as much in love with him, as he was with her, he avowed his passion in the most flattering overtures.

As the friend whom Sir James had overtaken upon the road was the minister of a neighbouring parish, the nuptial ceremony was performed by him in his own church.

When all the previous preparations were finished, the happy pair, with Mr. Bendish, not less happy, though in a different way, then set out thoroughly pleased with the business of the morning to Halton farm.

Lætitia, upon her arrival at the farm, not only found a very elegant house very pleasantly situated, but she also found every accommodation which she wished for to make life agreeable. No woman ever entered into the marriage state with

more

more transporting prospects : no woman ever was more deserving of all the felicity which that state can bestow.

On the approach of winter, Sir James carried his Lætitia to London, not without some triumphant sensations, believing that he had, in her, a wife as much superior to the common run of married women in point of conjugal merit, as she appeared in his eyes superior to most women married or single, in point of personal beauty. Allowances should ever be made—and ever will be made by candid people—for the uxorious effusions of a doating husband ; but Sir James Halton met with very few friends in the *great* world ready to bear the overflowings of his enraptured heart : they thought his behaviour to Lady Halton extremely ridiculous ; and almost every female of his acquaintance, especially the unmarried ladies, and those who had hoped to share his title with him, exclaimed against his choice of a wife in pretty smart expressions, mixing with their satire as much wit as they could muster up upon so provoking an occasion.

Those, however, who saw her elevation with the greatest disquiet, behaved to her with the greatest politeness : and very naturally thinking that they could not so effectually alienate her hus-

band's affections from her, as by inspiring her with the passion which he beheld in all women with abhorrence. This passion was gaming; and her seducers were too successful.

Lady Halton, before the winter was over, grew so much devoted to the card table, that Sir James began to be both wretched and alarmed: wretched, as her attachment to play had evidently weakened her attachment to him: alarmed as her losses were considerably and frequently repeated: his peace was destroyed, and he was not quite easy about his honour. In hopes of recovering the first, and of preventing any injury to the last, he, with every payment of her honourable debts, endeavoured to prevail on her in the mildest and most soothing language never to touch another card. Lætitia could not help feeling the justness of his remonstrances, but her heart was untouched by the persuasions of his lips: the four aces had taken possession of it, and all his eloquence was insufficient to dislodge them.

After many fruitless efforts to gain the point he fervently wished for, Sir James peremptorily assured Lætitia one day, that if she ever played again a separation should immediately follow. Startled at this assurance, delivered with unusual warmth, she implored his forgiveness, and positively declared

clared that she would act for the future in every respect, agreeably to his desire and commands.

As this reply was accompanied with tears, Sir James was melted. With fondness he embraced her; pitied, loved; and pardoned.

The very next night Lætitia's evil genius carried her to Lady Sweepwell's rout. There she plunged herself deeply in Lord Fleecer's debt, and was obliged, before she left the room, to give him a solemn promise that she would on the third day afterwards either produce the money he had won, or pay him in the mode he had proposed for the cancelling of his winnings.

From this night to that preceding the day appointed for the adjustment of her account with Lord Fleecer, Lætitia's mind was in the most painful state to be conceived, and its agony every moment increased. Terrified at the thoughts of being separated from Sir James, (for whom all her conjugal affection now returned, and with violence) and dreading the interview with her formidable creditor, she was tortured in the extreme. Sir James over-hearing a dialogue between her and her woman, was in spite of all he had said concerning a separation, so affected by her sorrow and contrition, that he rushed into the room, pressed her

her with ardour to his bosom, forgave her, and put it into her power to defeat Lord Fleecer's infamous designs.

Lætitia, struck with her husband's generosity at the very time she felt herself totally unworthy of his esteem, became a new woman, a new wife, and to prevent a return of a passion which had nearly proved fatal to her, never played cards again.

T H E

POWER of LOVE.

I.

AS arrows fly from bended yew,
So swift to meet my love I flew;
I sought her through each shady grove,
The haunt of wisdom and of love.

II.

But ah! in vain was all my care,
To find my lovely cruel fair;
She treads, alas! a distant plain,
And all my sighs and tears are vain.

Tir'd

III.

Tir'd with the search, I back return'd,
And all the way in silence mourn'd;
Then bow'd devout at Bacchus' shrine,
And thought to drown my cares in wine:

IV.

But all in vain; the potent juice
Did no such wond'rous change produce;
My tortur'd brain, my throbbing breast,
Its boundless potent power confess'd.

V.

But love within my breast remain'd,
And o'er my heart imperious reign'd;
My soul dissolv'd with fierce desire,
Like Etna scorch'd with inward fire.

VI.

I tried sweet music's magic sounds,
To cure love's deep and bleeding wounds;
But every note and soothing strain,
Did but increase my inward pain.

VII.

Tho' every muse had try'd her power,
My mind's lost peace quick to restore,
Not all their strains my pain could move,
I still must live the slave of love.

ANECDOTE
OF
VOLTAIRE.

WHEN Voltaire was in England, he was highly careffed by all the English nobility; but by none more than Lord Chesterfield. His lordship gave him a general invitation to his table, and always accused the bard of inattention when he did not dine with him. Voltaire frequently excused himself in the most polite terms: but being one day a little hard run at White's upon the occasion, the poet replied with some acrimony, " My lord, I always confider it as a fingular honour to be in company with a nobleman of your lordship's genius and abilities; but really, my lord, when I find how much you prostitute the gifts of nature by entertaining sharpers and adventurers, I pity your judgment, and admire my own abilities." His lordship turned upon his heel, and retorted, "*F'aime l'esprit meme grand je le trouve dans un coquin.*" Voltaire did not rejoin.

THE

T H E
FATAL ELOPEMENT.

A MORAL TALE.

WITH much propriety, as well as pathos, does Romeo exclaim,

“ Fathers have flinty hearts !”

When parents, by whatever motives they are actuated, drive their children into the most binding connections, abhorred by them, are they not answerable for all the unhappiness which those children endure, resulting from their compulsive obedience? The decisions of reason are strongly against the tyrannical exercise of parental authority; and filial disobedience is surely, when that authority is abused, a venial crime, if indeed it can fairly be considered in a criminal light.

Mr. Ruffet, a country gentleman, with a much larger estate than he deserved, was upon all occasions, as absurd a being as ever existed; but he was, in his parental character, particularly reprehensible. He had lately buried an exemplary wife, whom he hurried out of the world by his brutality, and had only a daughter living. With violent passions, he had a very weak understanding; but,

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though extremely illiterate, he had so high an opinion of his own intellects, that he thought himself sufficiently qualified to speak in a decisive tone upon every subject in the discussion of which he was engaged.

Miss Ruffet, in her person, ranked among the *agreeables*; there was nothing striking in her figure or her face; but as she was naturally graceful in all her motions, and always looked good humoured, few people saw her without feeling prejudices in her favour. Had her father bestowed a liberal or polite education on her, she would probably have shone with the first women of the age; but in spite of all the disadvantages under which she laboured, in consequence of her father's narrow way of thinking, absurd way of acting, and inherent rusticity, she improved herself in such a manner as to render her appearance engaging, and her conversation courted. Her behaviour was, upon every occasion, under the direction of propriety.

Ruffet, by having a daughter who never did any thing to displease him intentionally, who made it her whole study to give him pleasure, had a treasure in his possession; but he was totally ignorant of its value. Often indeed did he seem to be extravagantly fond of her; but if she discovered,

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at any time even by her looks the slightest opposition to his will (and he frequently required compliances which revolted against her inclination) his eyes flashed indignation, and he poured out his resentment in the severest, rarely in the most decent language. Yet the harshness of his expressions, never drew from her an undutiful word; she was either silently submissive or endeavoured, by the mildest modes of utterance, to appease the storm of paternal anger.

Ruffet was a great politician, or rather a violent partyman; for he really knew no more about the political state of his country than one of his pointers.

Having heard from his cradle, (as his father was a furious anti-courtier), the severest reflections on ministerial measures, he grew up with a mortal aversion to all the proceedings of the cabinet, and strictly opposed them, without giving himself time to consider whether they might not be, if candidly examined, as beneficial to the nation, as he deemed them precipitately pernicious. At every county meeting he never failed to discover the littleness of his mind, by railing at the premier for the time being, and as certainly at an election supported, with all his interest, the candidate against whom the minister exerted his temporary power.

Ever ready to support a man whom the minister opposed, he was particularly animated—inflamed indeed—with the spirit of opposition, when a neighbouring gentleman, extremely offensive to him on many accounts, offered himself to be a Representative for the nearest town to which they both resided.

Mr. Ruffet's violent opposition to Mr. Greening gave no small uneasiness to his amiable daughter, as she had unluckily settled her affections on that gentleman's only son, a very agreeable and accomplished young fellow, lately arrived from France; additionally accomplished by foreign travel, without having left any of his English virtues upon the Continent.

Young Greening, though he had seen none so attractive in his eyes in every respect; and it was with the sincerest pleasure that he perceived he was far from being an object of indifference in her eyes. Having frequently conversed with each other at a neutral house in the neighbourhood, at the house of a benevolent lady, who had a great regard for Miss Ruffet, and no less esteem for the whole Greening family, they became too strongly prepossessed in each other's favour not to wish for an indissoluble union. Their hearts, indeed, were united: but they dared not to think of an hymeneal connection.

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The good lady, who was visited both by Mr. Greening and Mr. Ruffet—tho' never at the same time—took great pains to make them prefer the happiness of their children to the gratification of their party passions; but all her efforts were fruitless; they would not hear of the alliance forcibly recommended between their families, and at length, carried their mutual resentment so far as to forbid the fond lovers to meet again at the house of her whom they now looked upon no longer in a neutral light, but as a person who, being zealous for a marriage of which they highly disapproved, would probably take some steps to bring about the consummation of it.

To prevent his son from having any more interviews with Clara Ruffet, Mr. Greening sent him into the North, to transact an affair of a singular nature for him. Mr. Ruffet was extremely well pleased with George's removal, but still more when the younger son of the Earl of B—— came down to oppose Mr. Greening.

As Lord S—— was the son of a patriotic earl, he came sufficiently recommended to Mr Ruffet; and he interested himself so much in his lordship's behalf, that he carried his election with a high hand. To increase Mr. Ruffet's transports upon the joyful occasion, Lord S—— begged he might
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have the honour of being allied to him by marrying his daughter.

Ruffet, when Lord S——made so flattering a request, was almost delirious with delight; to marry his daughter to a man who had ever shewn the strongest desire to oppose all ministerial measures, and the son of an earl too—the thoughts of such a brilliant marriage half distracted him.

Poor Clara, whose soul doated on her George, received the addresses of Lord S—— with tears, and the commands of her father to accept of them with terror. For a long time she hesitated, not knowing how to act in so cruel, as well as critical, a situation; but at last, the dreadful apprehensions with which her mind was harrowed, when she reflected on the excruciating miseries which numbers of her sex have endured in consequence of their filial disobedience, urged her to give her hand to her noble lover; but her heart falsified the language of her lips while she repeated the irrevocable words.

In a few weeks after his marriage, Lord S——, hearing of the arrival of a sister of his at Paris, and of her confinement there (by the return of a disorder, under the pressure of which she had been greatly relieved by the waters of Baregès) set out
for

for that capital, and carried Clara with him, not, however, in the character of an affectionate husband, who loved his wife better than any woman in the world—No; he carried her in the character of a jealous husband. The truth is, he had, soon after his marriage, very broad hints directed to him concerning Lady S——'s attachment to George Greening, and the coldness of her whole behaviour to him left him no room to question it. He never had felt, indeed, much love for the woman he married; as he was a younger brother, and slightly, as he thought, provided for, he availed himself of Ruffet's vanity and pride to improve his circumstances by a lucrative alliance with him.

It is impossible to describe the state of George's mind when he, in the midst of the business he was transacting for his father, heard of the marriage of the mistress of his heart. He behaved rather like a madman than a rational creature, and hurried home with the utmost expedition, in order to seize an opportunity to expostulate with his Clara on her desertion, after having promised so faithfully to be his alone.

By travelling with more precipitation than prudence, he was, by the time he arrived at his father's house, in a high fever.

Lady

Lady S——, when she was acquainted with the arrival, and with the situation of him whom she still loved (though she often blamed herself severely for indulging a passion which could not be cherished by her with discretion) was but a few miles from him, and preparing for her little voyage. She wept at the melancholy intelligence, and even reproached herself for having been the eventual cause of it. The attempt to see her deserted lover would, she knew, be a wild one; yet she could not refrain from writing an affectionate note to him, full of pity, full of contrition, replete with the sincerest wishes for his welfare in general; replete with the most fervent prayers for his recovery in particular.

The perusal of this note, dispatched by Lady S—— to him by a confidential messenger, did more towards his recovery than all the medicines which his physicians had prescribed for him.

“She is to be pitied,” said he, kissing the note, and pressing it to his bosom; “she is truly to be pitied—What a brute is that father who dooms his daughter to perpetual wretchedness, by compelling her to marry a man whom she cannot love!”

Such soliloquies as these frequently burst from him, during the recovery of his strength and spirits.
When

When his health was re-established enough to permit him to travel, he set out for France with redoubled ardour, as a friend of his there informed him that Lord S—— had not only treated his Clara with the greatest unkindness, since her departure from England, but had kept her so closely confined at a chateau he had hired for the summer near Paris, as to render her apartment a prison.

George had been very rightly informed concerning the injurious treatment which Lady S—— had met with from her jealous husband (a treatment she had by no means merited, as she had not, though she could not behold him with the eyes of affection, given him any reason to suspect her fidelity to him) but he certainly made a resolution not to be defended, when he resolved to deliver her from her captivity. Impelled by love, he was deaf to the voice of discretion.

Lord S—— being no stranger to Clara's prior attachment, often upbraided her, in the bitterest terms, for having married him; and was, indeed, not a little apprehensive of George's making some attempts to get at the idol of his heart, before he heard of his embarkation at Dover. As soon as he received that intelligence, his behaviour to Lady S—— was still more unkind and he ordered

her to be watched with a vigilance which would, he thought, sufficiently frustrate any designs formed by his rival to procure an interview with her.

George, on his arrival at Paris, went immediately to the friend who had acquainted him, from time to time, with his Clara's distressful situation, and consulted him how to proceed in a manner the most likely to be attended with success. The active jealousy of his lordship, and his extreme vigilance, seemed to place unsurmountable bars in his way; but the point he had in view made so deep an impression upon him, that he was not deterred from the execution of his designs by the difficulties which threatened him. His friend, indeed, talked to him very strongly in the dissuasive stile; but his dissuasions were slighted.

While he was projecting the deliverance of his Clara, he received a letter from her which contained so pathetic an account of her confinement, that he was doubly animated to undertake her release.

In a short time afterwards, with the assistance of a faithful servant, a fellow of great dexterity who artfully introduced himself into Lord S——'s family, he projected the deliverance of his dear Clara. In consequence of her being permitted to walk every day in the garden, when the weather
was

was favourable, and of being attended by a new duenna, who luckily pitied her unhappy condition, she agreed to meet her lover in a field adjoining to it; and both of them, when they had fixed the important interview, waited for the appointed moment, with the utmost impatience. They met, they embraced, and proceeded with mutual delight to the asylum ready for their reception; but just when they were within sight of it, they were surprised by Lord S—— attended by several of his domestics.

George, for a while, though unsupported, endeavoured to protect Lady S—— against her husband, and his myrmidons: his efforts were vigorous; but they were the efforts of a Quixote; they could not possibly prove successful. He had the cutting mortification to see the mistress of his heart hurried away from him, and he was additionally grieved to think that he should, probably, never have it again in his power to rescue her from the arms of her tyrant. Slight, however, was the mortification, and that grief, compared to the agonies he felt when he was informed, in a few weeks afterwards, that Lord S——'s increasing ill usage had put a period to his Clara's existence.

George on the decease of a woman whom he could not cease to love with the greatest ardour, though he knew that his passion for her became

criminal as soon as she was the wife of another man, hastened to England, being unable to remain in a place in which he had been so cruelly disappointed, and so severely distressed. On his return home, and acquainting his father with the affliction of his heart, he met with a reception which he little expected. Mr. Greening, having been previously informed of his son's rash, indefensible proceedings, instead of giving him an affectionate welcome, reprimanded him in the sharpest accents for his precipitate behaviour; to which, he added, Lady S—'s death might fairly be attributed to him, as her husband's ill usage had been redoubled by her inconsiderate elopement with him. George when he came to think seriously on what his father had said to him, felt all the force and justness of his reprehensions. Looking upon himself as the immediate cause of his Clara's untimely death, he was harrassed with the most painful reflections, and those reflections threw him into a melancholy, which no applications, physical or moral could remove.



WINTER

WINTER

A Tempestuous Night.

LO! Winter's direful glooms appear!
 Foul vapours taint the lucid air,
 And fable tinctures glow;
 The joyless rains, portending floods,
 Loud boist'rous winds untop the woods,
 That grumbling wave below.

When Sol the western ocean seeks,
 And æther stains with fiery streaks,
 The clouds uncertain roll;
 Till from the leaden-colour'd east
 Pale Luna rises from her rest,
 But holds a short controul.

See through the fluctuating air,
 Obtuse, the glitt'ring stars appear,
 Or shooting quick, exhale:
 Snatch'd in short eddies plays the leaf;
 The conscious heifer snuffs, with grief,
 The threat'ning stormy gale.

The plummy race its changes speak,
 In thicken'd groves they shelter seek,
 To shun tempestuous night:
 The screech-owl plies its doleful strains;
 The clam'rous rooks, in blacken'd trains,
 Thick urge their weary flight.

In barren fields the cattle fed
With fodder seek the kinder shed,
 With most anxious care ;
Forth from the rustling forests high
The solemn sounding whirlwinds fly,
 And bids the world prepare.

In sudden burst the tempest pours ;
The rolling clouds its heavy show'rs
 In rapid torrents send :
The crack'ling thunder knows no bound ;
Fierce light'nings skim along the ground,
 In desolation end.

The breathless trav'ler, all aghast,
Shrinks to the ground beneath the blast,
 That o'er him now shall glide :
The harmless flocks, that graze the plain,
The floods now sweep into the main ;
 Huge uproar lords it wide.

All nature reels. A shocking scene !
'Till the Almighty Power Supreme
 Bids the rude world be still.
Then straight, by his command suppress,
The boist'rous winds retire to rest,
 At his Omniscient Will.

A
CURIOUS INSTANCE
OF
FRENCH PERFIDY.

AS every method, consistent with truth and justice, should be pursued to impregnate our minds with the idea of Gallic Perfidy, so every consolation that a well grounded hope can present to us, ought to be administered to our countrymen, to cheer up their spirits under the present gloom in the political atmosphere; and as nothing can be more conducive to that salutary end than an extract from well-attested facts in history, the following instance will shew that the friendship of France has always been fatal and unlucky to those who have made trial of it.

We shall proceed to consider one of the deepest and most cruel tragedies that ever was acted upon the stage of Europe: a tragedy it was, that will fix an eternal blemish upon the memory of Louis the Great, and serve as a warning to all posterity how they trust to the friendship of a Prince who sacrifices honour, faith, and all that ought to be accounted most sacred among men, to his ambition and his interest. I mean the affair of Messina, which happened in the following manner:

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Though by the contract of marriage between Louis the Fourteenth and the King of Spain's sister confirmed by the treaty of the Pyrenees, in the year 1660, the French King had entered into a firm alliance with his brother-in-law, and formally renounced all right to the succession of the crown of Spain, and whatever pretensions he might have to his territories, in case of his Catholic Majesty's decease; yet, notwithstanding that treaty, and contrary even to common generosity, Louis the Fourteenth had well nigh stripped his brother-in-law, who was scarce turned of infancy, of one of his finest kingdoms, that of Sicily. Ever since that island became part of the dominions of Spain, the city of Messina had made a very considerable figure, and obtained such ample and advantageous privileges, that she seemed rather a Republic within her little district, than a town under the subjection of a Monarchy. Very few cities went beyond her for trade; she therein excelled most of the Empires in the world: nor was there any of her bigness in the Mediterranean that pretended to come up with her in riches. Such was Messina; and such, perhaps, she might have remained to this day, but for the fatal friendship of Louis the Great, who plunged her into deep ruin, without resource.

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The Viceroy having laid new duties upon certain merchandizes, the Messinese exclaimed against that imposition, as an injury done them. Nor were the Agents and Pensioners of France wanting on that occasion to blow the coal into such a flame, that at last they obliged those unhappy people, by their flattering promises and sly insinuations, to shake off the Spanish yoke, and put themselves under the protection of France.

But it was not long before the Messinese repented the folly they had committed. Neither were the arms of a minor King, whom they had abandoned, so much the subject of their repentance, as the insolences continually offered them by the French garrison and governor, whom they had received. In a word, the French behaving themselves like masters, and not like protectors, convinced the Messinese, but too late, that they had leaped out of the frying pan into the fire. Nevertheless, the poor people, conscious to themselves that they had given the King of Spain no cause of complaint, and finding on the other hand that it was impossible for them to disengage themselves from the French, shut their eyes against the rigours with which they were treated by those masters, and resolved to make their new slavery as easy to them as possible. After they had thus

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groaned for some years under the French yoke, at last an end was put to their unspeakable misery.

Monfieur de la Feuillade arriving at Messina the 20th of February, 1678, with a confiderable fleet of men of war, was received by the Meflinefe with all poffible tokens of joy, affumed the title of Viceroy, and took a public oath to defend the city againft all who fhould attack it. On the laft day of the fame February, that gentleman affembled the inhabitants, and told them that he had orders from his mafter to undertake fomething of importance, in order to procure them a very confiderable advantage. This the deluded people immediately took to be at leaft the reduction of Syracufe, and the reft of the ifland; and the better to keep them in their blindnefs and ignorance, Monfieur de la Feuillade ordered a great number of waggons, mules, and oxen, to be got ready, as if he defigned to transport provifions by land, caufed the French garrifon of Messina, confifting of about 6000 men, to be re-embarked the 9th of March, fhipped off feveral pieces of heavy artillery, juft as if he had intended to put this great enterprize in execution; fet out from Messina with loud acclamations of the betrayed inhabitants, and failed directly for France, abandoning the poor wretches to the mercy of the incensed Spaniards.

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The next day the French fleet, meeting with a violent storm, was obliged to return into the bay of Messina; and the citizens still persuaded of the sincerity of the men who betrayed them, presented the admiral with a consecrated flag to set up at his ship's stern; but the wind coming fair the 15th of March, and the French soldiers, who had landed, embarked again in the greatest hurry, with all that ever they had left behind them at their first embarkation, made the Messinese at last suspect, all of a sudden, they were betrayed; insomuch, that the people running to Monsieur de la Feuillade, just as he was upon the point of leaving them, obliged him to return to the town-house, where he made a speech to the Messinese, transported with rage and fury, concluding with these mortifying expressions: "In a word, I am commanded by my master to carry my troops back to France; you must therefore endeavour to defend yourselves for two months, at the expiration of which time I shall return; mean while if any of you have a mind to go to France, you may, provided you do it in good order."

This thunderclap struck the Messinese with such a general consternation, that of all the citizens only 112 of the richest had the resolution to accept of the offer. And indeed they had no time

to prepare for their departure, for the French fleet hoisted sail the next day, leaving Messina never to see it more.

A singular example this of the generosity, and faith, and friendship, of Louis the Fourteenth; who thereby ruined one of the richest cities in Europe, and condemned to the gibbet above 300 of her principal inhabitants, whom the Spaniards sacrificed to their resentment as soon as they had retaken Messina; and one of the unhappy gentlemen, whom Monsieur de la Feuillade carried off, who had been Consul of the place, and one of the wealthiest merchants in the Levant, was afterwards forced to beg his bread in France.

T H E

Romantic Daughters :

OR,

A PLEASANT REVENGE.

“**W**AS there ever such treatment?” said Mr. Trueman to his friend Worthy, as they came together from the house of old Mr. Meanwright, who was an honest farmer, and at the opportunity

portunity of his daughters, had come to town to treat the girls with a sight of London. These two gentlemen, Trueman and Worthy, were his country neighbours, two wealthy Esquires, who paid court to his daughters with designs of the most honourable nature. They accompanied the farmer up to town, to make the party more agreeable; but the girls had no sooner got into London, than they put on London airs, recollected all the nonsense they had picked out of romances, and commenced all at once persons of infinite taste and condition. As to their old country lovers, they were now out of the question, forsooth. No, no; they must have something more refined—more *ton*—more every thing that belongs to London!

“ Was there ever such treatment?” said Mr. Trueman; “ why the girls will scarce deign to give us a civil answer. My Moll and your Bett are quite in metamorphose. Odds, honesty, my friend, was there ever such a change! Why, they affect to whisper, to gape, to loll, to leer, to hear a little, to see less; and, in fine, they do not chuse to know either us or themselves. However, this may be all very fine; but if you will come into my scheme, I will play on their exalted Ladyships a trick of retaliation, that shall make them remember their infidelity and coquetish airs as long as they

they live. I know a couple of cunning, shrewd fellows, who will aid our plot charmingly; and it is a project that will, I dare say, not only make them love us hereafter the better for it, but make them excellent stay at-home women for the future."

Just at the period of the departure of these two angry lovers, the honest farmer met them going out of the door. "Whither so fast gentlemen?" said he. But, without deigning to answer, they both pulled off their hats, and brushed by hastily. This conduct nettled the old man, who went directly to his daughters, and demanded to know what they had done to the young men, in order to send them out of the house in such a huff.

"Lord, papa," said the eldest of them, adjusting her hair at the glass, "I wonder you call one from the duties of the *toylitte*, to answer such nonsense. As to those young men, I am surprized they can have the assurance to suppose we can attend to their sighs and nonsense, now we are got to London. Besides, it is the very bottomless pit of ill-breeding, papa, to talk bluntly, as they do, of love and matrimony, without preparing one for it: for every body knows that marriage is the last thing, after a thousand other charming ceremonies, which, by little and little, lead us to it. Oh, Heavens,

vens, papa! it is proper that lovers of two such girls as we, should exercise their wits a thousand ways to please us; and even at last the declaration should not be given, unless in a harbour, or else in a private chamber, and always with tears in their eyes, upon their knees. Then, after this, papa, come on difficulties, persecutions, pains, penalties, false suspicions, complaints, hopes, despairs, quarrels, reconciliations, according to the laws of every well-written romance in the English language. Then the dress of Trueman and Worthy!—Did ever two such woeful-looking lovers appear in London before?—No, papa, they may do for dirty places in the Hundreds of Essex; but, for any thing else a little more delicate, they are insupportable. To say the truth, papa, I wish you would do us the credit, to dress a little more like Mr. Somebody.”

Poor Mr. Meanwright lifted up his hands, and exclaimed furiously that he did not comprehend one syllable of their nonsense, but that he insisted upon their behaving to Trueman and Worthy as usual. “I tell you, you jades,” said the old man, “they are men of worth and wealth: I know their families, their friends, their aunts, cousins, and characters. I know all about them; and if you use them so again, as I have reason to believe you have

have of late, I will never own you for my daughters again."

At the end of this speech, however, Lady Moll and Madam Bett repaired again to the glass, and began again the business of powdering, curling, frizzing, and pomatuming

In the mean time, Worthy and Trueman were putting their little plot of revenge in execution, or rather *preparing* it. They had knowledge of two lads of London, who were equal to every frolic that could possibly be started, and who, indeed, seemed to rejoice in every thing that looked like a piece of roguery. They were in a low station, the one being a cobbler, and the other a currier; but they answered the present purpose, as the reader will see, to a miracle. But I must not too much anticipate.

While the honest farmer went out to the lodgings of his two young neighbours, in order to be heartily reconciled to them, the farmer's country servant, Robin, came into the ladies room, and, in his awkward way, told them that there was a monstrous great man dressed *nation fine*, come to wait upon them. This information put the girls into a great flurry; and e're they could well adjust themselves, in came a Mr. Somebody, under the character

character of my Lord Dazzlebutton, humming an Italian air with as absolute an assurance and consciousness as if he was really a nobleman. "My name, is Dazzlebutton! I am the richest man in London: I lead the world: and I am drawn by the report of your beauty, which I find even *greater* than reported, to pay my adoration to your charms.

While the girls were preparing a complimentary reply to this Pindaricism, in came another Mr. Somebody; who after many scrapes and writhings of the body, announced himself to be the Earl of Star and Garter. The two Lords paid due homage to each other: they flattered; they fidgeted; they picked their teeth; they talked scandal. They were excellent representatives of very, very fine gentlemen indeed!

The girls were so wholly taken up with their new guests, that they neither thought of their father, nor their lovers. They imagined that, by a kind enchantment, they were to be led forth into palaces, and chariots, and that all the universe was to be changed upon them for the better. The mock Lords continued to lord it to admiration, and had by heart the whole routine of the mode. And that this degree of perfection may not astonish the reader, it may be proper to let him know

that these two young fellows had formerly served as valets to two of those sparks, whose whole business is comprized in the first arts of conversation and non-entity. How after such an easy, doing nothing situation, the one of these lads could stoop to cobble a shoe, and the other to curry a hide, the God of changes and revolutions alone can tell: so it was.

Having carried this farce on till the very heads and hearts of the girls was on fire, Mr. Meanwright knocked at the door; but on his entering the room, how am I to describe the good man's amazement, upon seeing two such flaming heroes! He retired back a few paces, and held his hat in his hand. The Nobles persisted in their importance; but, upon being told by Lady Moll *that* was their father, they were graciously pleased to desire he would sit down. This he did, after great scruple and hesitation, not yet having sufficient courage to ask who he had the honour to entertain.

To relieve him however, from this irksome situation, Trueman and Worthy, the two masters of the scene, gave a furious knock, and entered the apartment just as Lord Dazzlebutton had proposed to the Earl of Star and Garter that they should make a party to the play, just to give a squint at
the

the boxes, and so off again to Almacks. The Earls had, however, their cue. No sooner did they perceive Trueman and Worthy enter the room, than they rose from their seats, and pretended to pay them the utmost respect.

The girls were chagrined at this. The farmer sat in silent astonishment. "Oh, now I think of it," said Trueman to one of the noblemen, "Pray, have you done heel-tapping my shoe Mr. Bristle?" "Heel-tapping your shoe!" cried Lady Bett, blushing: Do you know what you say? Silence, man, that is my Lord Dazzlebutton, the richest man in town, and who came here on purpose to pay his devoirs to our charms!" "Is it" said Trueman: "I beg his Lordship's pardon; but, notwithstanding that, if my shoes are not brought home to my lodgings very stoutly soled and heeled, his Lordship and I shall have a fore quarrel, I doubt."

Before the amazement occasioned by this discourse had time to go off, Mr. Worthy, on the other part, encreased it, by asking the Earl of Star and Garter, alias Mr. Skinner, the currier, whether he found dog's skin or calf skin take the tan best? "What the deuce is all this!" said the farmer, rising. The Ladies were at a stand. "Well, but here, gentlemen," said Trueman to the mock

Lords, "here's a crown a-piece for your trouble: your Lordships may now descend again into your own private characters. Our design is fully answered: the clothes you will be so good to leave in our lodgings, that we may return them to the proprietor in Monmouth-Street. In our rooms, Mr. Skinner, you will find your jerkin; and you, Mr. Bristle, will find your leathern apron. Farewell: when you go next in a great character, may you be equally successful! I have the honour to wish your Lordship a very good day."

"That may be, Mr. Trueman, said the currier, who was the archest of the two—"that may be; but if you ordered us to push the matter as far as it would go, we should have put your nose out of joint, I can tell you that; for both the Ladies would have married our clothes and titles with all the pleasure in the world; and, o'my conscience, I believe if you had staid a little longer, the currier and the cobbler had fairly put to flight all the pretensions of the 'Squire and the estate in the country." "How, Ladies!" said Trueman, "is this true?" "For shame, for shame!" exclaimed the father: "A'n't you fine ladies to play these pranks! What, you must have Lords, must you! Honest men, and well to live, won't do for you dainty ones! Mr. Trueman, give me your hand; I like

I like your scheme of all things." "But then the unfortunate consequence, my good Sir!" said Worthy, affecting surprize; the consequence!" "What consequence!" cried the girls trembling. "Why, the whole affair will be all over the town by to-morrow night: there is nothing done in London, of this kind, that does not creep into the news-papers; and by this means both your daughters, farmer, will be hooted at as they pass along the streets. This London is a most dreadful town for that."

"Here's a fine piece of work for you!" cried the father. "Oh, what a curse it is upon an honest man to have two unmarried girls upon his hands!" "I shall die with shame!" said Lady Moll. "I shall sink into the earth!" said Lady Bett. — "And is there no way to screen our heads, and even eyes and ears, from this infamy?" said the old man, whose ignorance of the town made him really think the news-paper strokes true. "Is there no way, Master Worthy?" "Yes," said Worthy, very gravely, "I think there is." "What is it? What is it?" cried the girls eagerly. "To return again into the country by day-break, and never mention the affair again. When you are not seen about town, the thing will soon be blown over, and forgotten. This is
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the only remedy to save you from ruin.—Will you consent?" "Consent!" said the girls, heartily humiliated, "We will consent to set off in the middle of the night; and we here both of us promise, upon our knees, never to make such fools of ourselves again, nor never to mention a Lord's name, for the time to come, without trembling."

"That the matter may be more complete, (continued Bett,) I am on my knees also, in order to say, that if Worthy will take me, and Trueman my sister, after our romance, I will be unto him a faithful wife; and we will sooner think of drinking up the ocean, than of ever desiring another journey to London." "A match!" cried Trueman. "A match!" echoed Worthy. "I am then the happiest old man in all Essex!" cried the father, and wiped away the water that came into his eyes.

The scheme succeeded. They left London: they married. They now and then mentioned Lord Star and Garter, and Lord Dazzlebutton's adventure over their own fire-side,—but their utmost excursion is now, once a year, to a neighbouring fair, and perhaps a hop at farmer Dive-gale's on Martlemas-Day.

A REMARKABLE STORY
OF A
HERMIT.

A CERTAIN holy hermit named Parnhe, being upon the road to meet his bishop who had sent for him, met a lady most magnificently dressed, whose incomparable beauty drew the eyes of every body on her. The saint, having looked at her, and being himself struck with astonishment, immediately burst into tears. Those who were with him wondering to see him weep, demanded the cause of his grief.

“ I have two reasons, replied he, for my tears ; I weep to think how fatal an impression that woman makes on all who behold her ; and I am touched with sorrow when I reflect that I, for my salvation, and to please God, have never taken one tenth part of the pains which this woman has taken to please men alone.”



ANECDOTE

OF THE LATE

MAURICE SUCKLING.

WHEN Mr. Suckling was a young man, he was remarkable for a foppishness of dress, and effeminacy of manners, which rendered him extremely ridiculous, particularly among his brother tars, who gave him the appellation of FINE BONES; however, the anecdote we are going to relate of him, affords a striking instance that military men are not always to be judged of by appearances. When Captain Suckling commanded a ship under the late Commodore Forest, they were cruising, three in company, off the island of Hispaniola, when being observed by FIVE French ships of SUPERIOR force then lying at Cape Francois, they immediately got under weigh with a view of capturing the British ships. The Commodore judged it adviseable to make the signal for the other two ships to come within hail, in order to consult their Captains on what was best to be done.—The brave Suckling without hesitation replied,—“WHY, ENGAGE THEM TO BE SURE.” This so much astonished the ship’s company, that they voluntarily gave FINE BONES three hearty cheers.—

cheers.—He then called his first Lieutenant to him, and said, “ Sir, I am sensible there are many reflections and prejudices against my character; if therefore any part of my conduct during the approaching engagement, should betray the least marks of impropriety or fear, I desire you will send me forthwith below deck, and take the command of the ship.” In short, Captain Suckling behaved with the utmost intrepidity throughout the action; and this little squadron gave the haughty MONSIEURS so severe a drubbing, that they returned in the most shattered condition to the Cape, to the great mortification of the inhabitants of Hispaniola, who had prepared a grand entertainment for the reception of the British prisoners. Commodore Forest’s squadron had scarcely a mast standing when they put into port.



THE WILL, A GRECIAN STORY.

ATHENDORUS lived at Athens. He punctually discharged the duties of a good citizen. His fortune was below mediocrity. A small patrimony had scarcely sufficed for the expences of his education. His fidelity to his friends, his tenderness to his parents, his taste for the sciences, his genius and strict integrity, merited, and acquired him the love and respect of his fellow citizens: While young he had given salutary counsels to his country, and had served it with distinction in its wars. The different sects of philosophers, contended amongst themselves for the honour of having him for a disciple. Athendorus refused to make a choice. Perhaps he was deterred by their perpetual disputes; it may be he was afraid, that by joining one sect he would give offence to the rest; or perhaps he was contented to conduct himself through life like a true philosopher without being ambitious of the title. The wealthiest citizens of Athens were his friends. They were in vain desirous of making him amends for the injustice of fortune. Philocles was the only person from whom he would receive the smallest favour, even when struggling with extreme

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treme penury. Monimia, a young Athenian, indigent, but beautiful, gentle, modest, and virtuous, touched his heart; she was equally charmed with Athendorus. The horrors of poverty did not terrify them: their souls were mingled, and determined to join their hands. Content with little, honest industry supplied all their wants. They found a thousand pleasing means of rendering their burthen more light, and they mutually aided each other in supporting it. Happiness so pure would never have suffered abatement; but death, cruel death! snatched Athendorus, from the arms of his inconsolable wife. He left her as a pledge of love, a daughter too young as yet to be sensible of her misfortune; and for a jointure—a will. Monimia, her head covered with a veil which hardly concealed the excess of her grief, holding her daughter in one hand and the will of her departed husband in the other, was conducted before the assembly of the Areopagus, in the presence of a multitude of citizens, anxious to hear read the will of a philosopher who had nothing to bequeath. They opened it, and found therein these words; “I demise to Philocles the dearest of my friends, my wife and daughter, and desire him to marry the one, and educate and portion the other.” So singular a will, a legacy so little calculated to enrich the legatee, occasioned many pointed pleases

santries. The Athenians, vivacious and satirical, exercised that poignant wit so peculiar to them, in ridiculing the memory of Athendorus. But their mirth was interrupted by the arrival of Philocles, who, eagerly breaking through the crowd, presented himself before the judges, his temples crowned with flowers and bearing in his hand the cup of libation. O Athenians! cried he, penetrated with grief for the death of Athendorus, I went to his tomb; I ornamented it with those funeral gifts with which we decorate the sepulchres of those who are immaturesly torn from us. In the fullness of my sorrow, prostrate on the tomb of my friend, I bathed it with my tears, I uttered groans and sighs; all the faculties of my soul suspended: nay, there were some moments when I imagined that my spirit was going to follow that of him whom I lamented.—

Suddenly, I heard a secret voice at the bottom of my heart which said to me; Is it by cries, groans, tears and unavailing superfluous sorrow, thou meanest to honour the ashes of thy friend? Athendorus was benign, he feared the Gods, avoided the wicked, eschewed evil and acted uprightly. His virtues have entitled him to the reward destined for the just. His soul at this moment actually enjoys the purest pleasures of Elysium. And
 thinkest

thinkest thou that in those mansions of unclouded bliss his gentle spirit can feel a wish to disturb the quiet of his friend? Dost thou imagine that he requires thee to follow him into the grave! did he not leave thee some duties to fulfil? watch over his disconsolate widow, be a father to his orphan daughter; cherish and love those, who while on earth he cherished and loved. Imitate him and perpetuate the remembrance of his virtues by practising them. Thus will thou fulfil the real intentions of Athendorus. These words revived my sinking spirits, I felt myself reanimated. Arising with precipitation and in a kind of extacy, I carried away the funeral gifts which shaded the tomb of Athendorus; I have covered it with flowers, I have replenished my cup with sparkling wine, I have made the usual libation. I know, O Athenians, the contents of Athendorus's will, I will obey his last commands. Then approaching Monimia and her daughter, and embracing them tenderly, wife of my friend, cried he, thou shalt be mine, I have one daughter, the fruit of a former marriage, thy daughter shall be reared with her, and I will make no distinction between them. I mean not, O Monimia, to endeavour to make you forget your husband; imprinted on our hearts in characters not to be effaced, we will always preserve a sweet and tender remembrance of him.

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His fidelity to his friends, his tenderness to his family, his love for his country, his patience, his courage, shall be the constant themes of our conversations, and the object of admiration. We will never forget his virtue, we will endeavour to imitate them, and leave them as precedents to those who shall survive us. The words of Philocles moved the hearts of the Athenians, who only replied by acclamations. That volatile people, to whom it was only necessary to point out the path of rectitude, to engage them to pursue it, heaped praises on Philocles, and conducted him to his house with every demonstration of joy. Philocles religiously observed his promise; he married Monimia and made her happy: he spared no expence on the education of the daughter of Athendorus; and when she attained her sixteenth year, he assigned her a portion, and left her at liberty in the choice of a husband.



30 JY 59

A RO-

A ROMAN THEATRICAL ANECDOTE.

THE people of Rôme enraged against Augustus, on account of certain oppressive laws by him imposed upon them, but more, for having banished Pylades the comedian, were so infatuated, that they submitted to the former, for the sake of obtaining the recall of the latter.

This passage is cited by Montesquieu, on the authority of Dio Cassius; and, according to what may be collected from the concurring evidence of the same author, Xiphilinus his abridger, Sallust in Vit Augusti, and Macrobius.

The occasion of this important incident was as follows: Pylades, full of himself, and sure of a strong party to espouse all he said or did, pointed, contemptuously, with his finger from the stage, to a citizen who took the liberty of the theatre to hiss him. This was suitably resented: the audience divided; part declared for the player, part for the citizen. A sedition ensued; the pretor interposed; and on the behalf of the citizen brought the cause before Augustus. Augustus, also, taking the same side, which appeared to be the strongest, not only reprimanded Pylades, but, as it should seem,

seem, reflected on the stage itself, as having a strong tendency to disturb, as well as to amuse the people. Pylades, on the other hand, more shrewdly than modestly, replied: "'Tis for your interest, Cæsar, they should be amused any way." Banishment ensued. His decree at court only served to increase factions, and, consequently, his importance every where else; insomuch that the city was never at peace, till he was recalled, on the ignominious terms specified above.

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